[1.]

THE
Imperial Tragedy:

Written by a

GENTLEMAN

For his own

DIVERSION:

And now made

PUBLICK

AT

The *Importunity* of *Friends.*

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Imperial Tragedy:

The Names.

Zeno Emperor of *Greece*.
Longinus, the Emperors Brother.
Old *Baſiliſcus* Ghoſt of the laſt Emperor.
Harmatius, *Zeno*'s General.
Young *Baſiliſcus* *Harmatius* Son, Collegue with *Zeno*.

The *Patriarck*
Pelagius
Sebaſtianus
Urbitius
Anaſtaſius
Proclus
Phylargus
} Great Lords.

Caſtor, Lieutenant General.
Captains, 10.
Souldiers, 30.
Euphemian, an Aſtrologer.
Gazeus, an Orator.
Noble Mens Sons, 6.
Eraſtus, *Pelagius* Son.
Mars, the God of VVarr.
Muſicians.
Dancers.
Spirits.

The Empreſs.
Eirene, Daughter to *Harmatius*.
Ladies.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

METhinks I hear ſome travel'd Gallant ſay,
When he was laſt at Rome, *he ſaw this Play:*
That Zeno *there was Acted; we confeſs,*
And hope that here he'l have as good ſucceſs.
But we are peſter'd with ſo many Wits,
And ſome, like Madmen, have ſuch judging fits,
That this great Tragedy they may condemn;
Though, in a humor, they have pardon'd them,
Who rob the French *and* Spaniſh *of their Bayes;*
And make a faſhion of Tranſlating Playes.
To own his pattern, th' Author's not aſham'd,
That Model, which in Italy *was fram'd*
He has new Moulded, for our Engliſh *Stage;*
Hoping 'twill fit the temper of this Age:
And the learn'd Latin Author not offend,
For alt'ring, what he dares not think to mend.
Though boldly it be here transformed ſo,
That Author cannot his own Iſſue know:
Like crafty Beggers, when they Children ſteal,
Diſguiſe them; leſt they ſhould their Thefts reveal.

THE

THE
Emperial Tragedy.

The Scene at *Conſtantinople.*

The Firſt Act. Scene I.

Aſtrea *appears in the Clouds, with Muſick: That done, the late ſlain Emperor, old* Baſiliſcus *his Ghoſt riſes from the Stage, with an Imperial Crown on his head.*

Two Tables are ſet, on each the Imperial Ornaments.

Ghoſt. TO Heav'n, to Heav'n *Aſtrea*: vainly here
Thy Muſick ſounds, this is no time, nor place
For harmony! Hence fatal Monuments [*He overturns both*
Of unauſpicious Empire! Hence ye ſad *the Tables.*
Remembrances of my unproſperous ſtate.
I broke not through the dark diſmal *Chaos*
Of buried Night, to view theſe gaieties!
This viſit I unto my Empire make;
Where all thoſe various ſins, and miſchiefs raign,
That fancy ere could frame, nay greater too!
Than bloody *Nero* durſt attempt to do.
Longinus imitates him, and we know,
Great Tragedies muſt firſt be Acted here,
To raiſe *Longinus* to the Diadem!
I now bring ruine on my Rebels heads,
In favor of all Monarchs that ſurvive,
That no ſuch Traitors, may ere hope to thrive!
Let diſmal blackneſs now the Scene obſcure,
And empty Coffins round in order ſtand. [*The Scene is fill'd*
So, ſo, this ſight doth pleaſe me, and refreſh *with empty Coffins.*
Mine eyes; this is the vſual colour, theſe
Th'ornaments, which deck this Court, when *Cæſars*
Take their Crowns. Now *Zeno*, favorite of Hell,
Come fill theſe vacant lodgings of the Dead,

Let Racks and Halters, Poyſons, Daggers be
Imploy'd, to perpetrate thy Tyranny.
I ſwear by *Acheron*, that ere the Sun
Shall once about the Worlds great circle run,
The bodies, by thy fury ſlaughter'd, ſhall
With equal numbers, fill theſe empty Tombs.
Now cruel *Zeno* come, and in diſguiſe,
Thy Fate implore. I to the ſhades return. [*He deſcends.*

Enter Zeno *in diſguiſe.*

Zeno. A Monarch, that unjuſtly gains his Crown,
May be allow'd to fear his tumbling down.
'Tis eaſier to climb a Precipice,
Than to ſtand firm, when at the top arriv'd!
Nor can we, from a private ſtate, diſcern
The dazeling proſpects, which a Throne preſents!
Till, from that height, we do the World ſurvay,
And find more Thorns than Roſes in our way.
Heav'n has decreed, that ill got Crowns, and fears,
Should ſtill be link'd together; fears, from which,
No walls of braſs, nor Legions can defend.
This makes me now ſo watchful grown; from hence,
My fears do prompt me, under this diſguiſe,
T'inquire my Dome; and in this houſe, here lives
A learned Prieſt, fam'd for Aſtrology:
I will conſult his Art; For he, whom Heav'n
Will not favor; muſt try what Hell can do!
He cals] *Euphemian**; at whoſe Magick voice, the Ghoſts, [**The Cell is diſcovered and* Euphemian *in it.*
With all the people of the ſilent world,
Do tremble! if either gold, or favor
Can thee move! raiſe up a Genius from Hells
Loweſt depths; a Page of *Hecates*;
Who may conduct me through the uncertain tracks,
And various tumults of my life to come.
Euphemian. Thou demand'ſt a boon of high concern! ſuch, [*The Spirits paſs ore the Stage.*
As th' *Eaſtern* Monarchs only have obtained!
Yet ſay, with what indowments wouldſt thou have
Him ſtor'd? Does *Venus* ſports delight thee? here's
The god of Luſt, This Rapes, and Infeſts, and
All *Gomorrahs* horrid ſins ſhall teach thee.
Wouldſt thou with Pride, above the ſtarrs be rais'd?
And trample on the heads of men, and Gods!
This, ſhall with high ſwoln thoughts thee elevate.
Wouldſt thou into the flames of fury turn?
And worſe than Lions, Bears, and Tigers rage?
And make thy Houſhold Gods, in blood to ſwim!
This ſhall inſence thee. Here's Merchandize

Of all ſorts vendible; pleaſe thy fancy now.

Zeno. A greater Monſter, than all theſe, I crave;
Thou haſt but trivial things yet nam'd! all this,
A youth I did!

Euphem. How! what Prodigy art
Thou of Nature? what *Stygian* Siſter gave
Thee birth? all this a Youth! ſtay, ile appeaſe
Thy thirſt. Th' Infernal *Jupiter* knows not
More Villanies, than this can prompt thee to!
Within the cloſſet of his pregnant breſt,
A thouſand dif'rent Arts, for horrid deeds,
And bloody miſchiefs dwell: 'twas he alone,
That tutor'd *Nero*, and fitted him to be,
The ruin of his Age, 'twas He!

Zeno. Enough; [*Offers to imbrace the Spirit.*
I will adore him as my God! and guide.
Now ſince the ſecret Fates of Mortals are [*Lays down a piece of gold.*
To thy deep Art reveal'd: tell me, what doth
This Horoſcope portend? whoſe native ſoil [*Gives him a paper.*
And hour of birth, with other perquiſites
Of Art, are here expreſt? [Euphemian *ſhews ſome wonder at reading the paper.*
What is't that ſtops thy ſpeech?

Euphem. Fear to relate, what I diſcern!

Zeno. Speak, or, by Heav'n, I will thy brains diſſect,
And in them read, what thou intend'ſt to hide!

Euphem. Then look, and read thy fortune there. [*He points to a red glaſs in which is writ in white Letters.*

Zeno. What's this? [Zeno *reads*]
Buried before his death, with in a Tombe;
He ſhall vomit out his damn'd ſoul!
Oh Heavens!
Did ere your vengeance ſuch a death contrive?
What, ſhall I; the worlds Chief, be thrown alive
Into a grave! alive, and ſeeing too!
Oh barbarous Fates! I ſwear by all the
Powers below, that, ere into Hell's Center
I deſcend, I will diſtroy the worlds whole
Fabrick! and bring the ancient Chaos back.
But of this fact, who ſhall the Author be? [Euphem. *points to the glaſs.*
[Zeno *reads*]
A creature of the Court, whoſe words and looks,
Much from his heart do vary.

Zeno. What's his Name?

Euphem. The Gods do not declare.

Zeno. How! not declare!
What ſhould be ſmother'd, that they do reveal,
And what is fit to know, they do conceal.
But thou art ſure, thou haſt inſpected right!
The Stars, and told me true, what they Decree.

Euphem. I have, and this is their Decree; time will
Evince the truth, of what I ſhew.
Zeno. But prethee tell me, what thy end ſhall be?
Euphem. In peace I ſhall expire.
Zeno. And me, the worlds Monarch! the Earth alive
Shall ſwallow; — The Stars are lyars, and ſo
Art thou; an Iron peace ſhall thee diſſolve,
Deceitful Juggler! take this---- [*Stabs him.*
Euphem. O ſpare me *Caſar*!
Help, help! I die.
Zeno. Go now and tell more lies in *Pluto*'s Court.

To him Enter Longinus *in diſguiſe, who draws his Dagger, and aſſaults* Zeno, *as he kills* Euphemian: *they ſtruggle, and talk thus*:

Longi. Hold Villain! Wilt thou murder an Old man?
Zeno. And a Young one too! that dares oppoſe me!
Longi. I dare oppoſe this wickedneſs, and thee!
Zeno. And Ile chaſtize thee for preſuming ſo!
Longi. It is beyond the power of thy weak arme.
They hold each others Dagger-hand, and ſtruggle while they ſpeak.
Zeno. It is *Longinus* voice!
Longi. *Caſar*!
Zeno. Brother!
Longi. Was ever a miſtake, like this in us? [*Offers his Dagger and opens his Armes.*
Here *Caſar*, ſearch the bottom of my heart;
I would have ſav'd that man, as there you'l find!
No miſchief againſt *Caſar* was deſign'd.
Zeno. I do believe't, our Intereſts are the ſame;
And this old Wizard did deſerve to die,
For daring on his Art, to grow ſo bold!
To ſhew, what never was by tongue foretold!
And then the man, and means he ſtill conceal'd,
By which I might eſcape! if now reveal'd!
Longi. Did he yet live! you might by wracks extort,
All that he knew of ſecrets in his Art,
But now, that opportunity is loſt.
Zeno. If Starrs can ſhew! and He had any skill!
A diſmal Fate, muſt his dire words fulfill.
Longi. Heaven avert all ſuch miſchief from your head.
Zeno. The day appears, and we muſt now retire,
I have a Council ſummon'd, that I may
Depoſe *Harmatius* Son, that haughty Boy!
And then place you my Brother on his Throne;
That our united hearts, and powers be one.

Longi.

Longi. I'm *Cæſars* Vaſſal, and ſo much his friend!
To ſerve my Brother, is my higheſt end.
Exit Zeno. *Manet* Longinus.

Longi. Riſe glorious Sun, and with thy brighteſt Rayes
Crown my bleſt temples, that the world may ſee,
How Fates approve of my Impiety!
While the Superſtitious fool, gravely wiſe,
Goes on ſecure, in his upright deſigns;
Dreading nothing leſs, than a ſurprize,
Such! as, like a fierce whirlewind, will deſtroy
All, who ſhall dare oppoſe it, in its way.
Yet ſtay, the Council's ſummon'd, and when met,
Their Wiſdoms may comply with *Zeno*'s will,
And ſo my wiſh fulfil. In private plac'd,
I ſhall their votes write down, 'tis fit to know
Who are my Friends, and who my Enemies.
The Boy remov'd; and I ſet on his Throne:
Half this great Empire then will be my own.
If *Zeno* keep his word, He will this day
Move my Election; then, Ile make my way. *Exit* Longinus.

The Scene ſhews Zeno *ſet in Council with* Baſiliſcus, Sebaſtianus, Hortenſius, Proclus, Phylargus, Patriarck, Pelagius.

Zeno. Riſe, riſe, *Baſiliſcus*, and quit that ſeat:
Learn to pay the reverence that you owe;
Learn to lay by thy misbecoming pride,
Which that Imperial purple cannot hide.
Longi. Go on as you begin. [Longinus *unſeen at a door.*
Zeno. What! do you ſtop? remove, and ſtand below. [Baſiliſcus *riſes.*
My Lords you ſee how Empires are expos'd
To change; and by experience you well know
The toil, and care of Government, ſo great,
In this vaſt Empire, that my Age requires
Some help to eaſe the burthen of the Crown:
Such a Collegue, as when Fate ſhall remove
Me hence, may take the charge of it himſelf.
Harmatius merits mov'd me to beſtow
The Scepter on his Son, but the fond Boy,
Puff'd up with pride, is grown ſo inſolent,
And high; I can no longer ſuffer Him.
My Lords, when ſuch a *Phaeton* doth guide
The Chariot of the Sun, what can you expect,
But Conflagrations, and Deſtruction?
Baſiliſ. *Cæſar*, ſpare my Innocence, though not me.
Zeno. I do command you not to ſpeak, reply not.
Baſiliſ. Let my Cauſe be heard, and Offences prov'd.
Zeno. Your cauſe, and you are known ſufficiently.

Basilis. No crimes, 'gainſt me, have ever been declar'd.
Zeno. Your arrogance, and pride, declare enough.
Take off his Robes, and Crown, which make him ſwell
So high! and put that black garment on him.
Learn to pray, and to Heaven lift thoſe hands,
Unfit for Scepters and ſuch great commands.
Longi. That Scepter, will my hand much better fit, [*Steps in unſeen.*
Thoſe Robes, and Crown, on me more graceful ſit! [*They take off*
Basilis. Do, take off theſe golden ſhackles from my arms, Baſiliſcus
And ſet me free from this gay ſlavery. *Robes.*
'Tis well, I am now eas'd of all my cares;
But *Cæſar* is not freed, from half his fears:
Theſe glittering glories, are not what they ſeem,
To the miſtaken world; who ne'r diſcern
How many ſorrows with few joys are mixt;
Or what grand troubles to the Crown are fixt.
When Fortune ſports her ſelf, with humane things,
Whom ſhe laſt rais'd, ſhe firſt to ruine brings.
Cæſar, thou mak'ſt me happy, 'gainſt my will;
But thy deſigns will raiſe thee trouble ſtill.
Zeno. Hold thy peſtiferous tongue, and get thee hence.
Basilis. I obey, and with joy depart from hence,
That I may ſo much neerer be to Heav'n! [*Exit.*
Zeno. My Lords, I now deſire your choice of him,
Whom you judge fitteſt to be my Collegue:
And if with equal ballance you do weigh
His merits, you'l find no pretence, no claim
So juſt, as the ſuppreſt *Longinus* hath,
To hold this Scepter, and to wear this Crown;
To eaſe my Age, and to adorn the Throne.
Horten. His generous mind, and cleareſt courage known,
His glories gain'd in Warr, and Triumphs paſt,
Do ſpeak him worthy of the Empires Rule;
Beſides his love to Juſtice, and his skill,
In the Arts of Peace, will indeer us all.
Sebaſt. And that which I of greateſt value deem,
His being Brother to the Emperor.
Proclus. Whom wiſe Nature has by birth made equal,
I think, with equal honor ſhould be great.
Phylarg. The nobleſt blood, grows ſtill more vigorous;
When call'd to higheſt place, and great commands;
But freezeth in the veins, when not imploy'd,
According to his Nature, and his Birth.
Long. unſeen. Ile ſet theſe friends in golden Characters. [*Writes in his*
Zeno. Now *Patriarck*, we expect your grave thoughts. *Tablets.*
Patriarck. Renown'd Monarch, ſee how the Chriſtian Ship,
Tos'd to and fro, doth doubtfully yet float
On the vaſt Ocean, while the *Northern* wind,

A powerful ruler of the Sea, doth raiſe
The ſwelling waves ſo high! as if he hop'd,
That liquid Element might quite put out
The fires of Heav'n. And now this tottering ſhip
Cleft with the fury of theſe boiſterous waves
Looks like a prey, to the devouring Sea;
Great ſtorms oppreſs us, force orecomes our Art;
I ſit at Helme, and ſtruggle what I can,
With this fierce Tempeſt, but want ſtrength t'oppoſe.
You *Cæſar*, while Heav'n bleſſes you with life,
Either alone, ſettle the doubtful State,
Of your diſtreſſed Empire, and give eaſe
To our long languiſhing, diſtracted minds;
Or if you needs muſt have a helper, chooſe
Then a Man, whoſe unreproached courage,
And known virtue, may by his truth, and care,
The ruines of your tottering Crown repair.

Long. unſeen. Subtle old Prieſt, I ſhall provide for you.

Zeno. What ſtrange Enigma's! and what new Riddles
Do you tell? what ſtorms? what Tempeſts d'ye mean?
Am I then guilty of ſo great neglect
In Government? Let the wide World witneſs,
If ever Peace did in this Empire ſhine,
More proſperouſly than now, while I command!

Pelagius. Great Sir, how can you mention peace? when Warr
Does in the Bowels of your Empire rage:
Sir, theſe ſad times require an able Man,
Whoſe virtue may impartially diſpence
Juſtice to all; the Innocent protect,
Puniſh the Vicious, and reward the good.
Himſelf a pattern to the Court, and Peers,
Would cheriſh, hopes, and baniſh all our fears.
The Sun, and Stars, afford their influence
To all, but when a bloody Comet raigns,
What miſchief, doth it threaten to the World!
Take heed to whom you truſt the Scepter Sir;
'Tis virtue, and not blood, Makes Princes great.

Enter Longinus, *and with his Dagger aſſaults* Pelagius; *but is ſtay'd by* Hortenſius.

Longi. Peſtilent tongue! ---- Let my juſt fury looſe,
That I may ſend his venom'd ſoul to Hell.

Hortenſi. Sir, forbear, or you are loſt for ever.

Longi. Oh baſe ſlander! am I a bloody Comet?
Brother, I ask your Juſtice, 'gainſt this Man;
-- What! do you delay to grant it? muſt I
Be ſilent? and ſo great affronts endure,

Till I can vent my Vengeance, bear it here! [*Exit in rage.*

Pelag. Sir, if you do ſuffer this bold aſſault,
Made now on me! and for counſels given,
Permit ſuch inſolent affronts, to paſs
Unpuniſh'd; your Sovereign power will vaniſh;
When the priviledge of this Board does fall,
You will in vain your Lords to Council call.

Zeno. And do you learn, grave Sir, better to rule
Your opprobrious tongue, (thus beyond excuſe!)
Perſons ſo much above you, to traduce.

Pelag. When ſuch emenſe deceit! gains love, and truſt;
'Bove faith, and truth, 'tis folly to be juſt.

Zeno. No *Solon*, nor *Ariſtippus*, ſhall here
Guide me, under the notion of a friend.
Speak now, do you, or do you not allow
My Brothers due Election to the Crown.

Pelag. When your Brothers temper ſhall deſerve it,
He ſhall have my Vote to ſit by *Cæſar*.
Fury deſtroyes, and not preſerves the Crown.

Zeno. Is then my power ſo low? and my command
So ſlight? that ſuch a Muſhrum, dares withſtand
My will! He ſhall now Reign; by Hell I ſwear,
Though He were worſe, than all the Devils there.
If the Senate frown, I ſhall make them know,
That I, who Rule the World, will have it ſo.
Let them their Laws to private perſons teach,
And bow to us, who are above their reach.

Exit, angry. All follow him; but Patri. *and* Pelag. *ſtay.*

Pelag. So Lions in the *Lybian* Deſerts rage,
When robb'd of their young Whelps by men. Good God!
What wild commotions do our paſſions raiſe?
What ſtrange contagion, through th'infected world!
Will this unruly rage, now throw abroad?
What birth of Monſters, will each day produce?
What tumults in affairs appear throughout
The Empire? while our ſtreets oreflow with blood.
'Tis not our Laws, but fury governs here;
Nor is the Senate, by their conſcience ſway'd,
Or if they were! they would not be obey'd.
Ambition Rules, and Force doth execute;
Virtue, and Modeſty, are baniſh'd hence.
What a prodigious proſpect doth appear,
To create miſchiefs, for our future fear?

Patri. I grant, that a quick ruine threatens all:
Gods angry fire, impriſon'd in the clouds,
Seems ready to break forth, to burn the world,
And ſhew, what Vengeance is from Heav'n due,
When ſtubborn Men their wickedneſs perſue.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. Fire, fire, fire, help *Pelagius* help, make haſt,
A ſtrong arm'd Troop, ſent by *Longinus*,
Hath fir'd your Country-houſe, and Corn i'th' fields;
The growing flames approach your neighbour woods,
And now, do threaten their deſtruction too.
Pelag. Great Ruler of the World! if thou beeſt pleas'd,
Let the devouring flames, do what they can;
I value not their rage; their power extends,
But to the ſpoil, of a few fading goods.
No fire, nor ſtorms, nor Tyrants threats, can reach
The treaſure, I have lock'd up here. My breſt
Contains a wealth, garded by ſuch defence,
That Men, nor Devils, cannot raviſh thence.
Patri. Bravely reſolv'd, a mind on Virtue fixt,
No ſtorms can diſcompoſe, no tempeſt ſhake;
Nor times deface a heart, ſo ſtrong as thine,
Rul'd by a ſoul ſo great, and ſo Divine! [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes.

Enter the Princeſs Eirene, *with a Letter in her hand.* [In her Chamber.

Eirene. This Note, from *Anaſtatius*, counſels well;
But how to act it, does my skill excel.
{*I muſt not* Zeno's *love ingage to hope,*
{*Nor yet give arguments for his diſpair!* } [*She reads.*
A hard task, for my youth, and innocence,
To juggle with an old Politician.
Who on the leaſt ſuſpition of our Love,
Will *Anaſtatius* ſudden death contrive.
And then, what will become of me alone?
My Father abſent, and my Brother young;
None to protect me, 'gainſt a Tyrants will.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Emperor deſires acceſs.
Eirene. I muſt meet him boldly, though much afraid,
My trembling joynts, may ſhew I am diſmay'd.

Enter Zeno.

Zeno. Madam, this ſecond viſit I now make,
After the repulſe you lately gave; ſhews,

How much my love, beyond my reaſon Rules,
By which you ſee, your power does mine ſubdue,
Who come to offer Homage unto you.

Eirene. Mighty Sir! I, your humbleſt Vaſſal, bows
Thus low, to beg your pardon for my fault,
If I, through ignorance, have done amiſs.

Zeno. Riſe *Eirene*, 'tis I ſhould kneel, 'tis I,
Should beg forgiveneſs for a crime ſo great:
I ſhame to think, how farr I did provoke
The beauty I admire! for, had you ſmil'd
On my deſign; or given me hope to gain,
What I then ſought, and now as much diſdain:
I had not valued, what I then did prize,
Beyond the moment of that enterprize.
But now I come as humbly to adore
A virtue, that I never underſtood before.

Eirene. Great Sir, while you ſpeak thus, my ſoul attends
On every ſyllable let fall, my tears
Ile check, my joyes ſhall diſſipate my fears.
I will for my miſtake high Heav'n aſſault
With frequent Prayers, to expiate my fault.

Zeno. Faireſt of all your Sex, I who command
The *Eaſtern* world, do at your mercy ſtand:
Say, can you love ſo, that you will ſubmit,
To wear a Crown, and on my Throne to ſit?

Eirene. You make me ſtart at this relaps, and doubt,
By ſome new ſtratagem, you do deſign,
My ſimple innocence to undermine.

Zeno. By your fair ſelf, I ſwear, I have no thoughts
For you, but what to Heav'n, I may avow.
Suppoſe my Lov'd Empreſs, (now ſick, ſhould die;)
Shall your frowns then, give me like deſtiny?

Eirene. Oh Sir! forbear to ſpeak, leave off to think,
That I will ere aſpire to that high State:
When ſhe is ſubject to ſo ſad a Fate. [*She weeps.*

Zeno. Why theſe tears *Eirene?* what have I ſaid?

Eirene. Enough t'amaze the world! the young Empreſs
Very well laſt night, is now ſick to Death!
And I her Crown may wear! Her Throne aſcend!
Thus you would dazle my ſimplicity
With thoughts, ſhe dies in complement to me;
Which is a ſin, ſo farr beyond my reach,
So diſmal to my thoughts; that I ſhall try,
Not to outlive the Empreſs, if ſhe die. [*Exit.*

Zeno. I ſhall venture that, and if I cannot gain
Her heart: I have a way that will obtain
My end; and then let little people prate,
While Monarchs do tranſcending joyes create. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. I cannot ſleep, nor be at peace within:
Duty, and Allegiance, bids me revenge
Baſiliſcus blood, our late Monarch, ſlain
By old *Harmatius*, to make *Zeno* Reign;
That his young Son might ſit Collegue Inthron'd:
T'out face that murder, by his Father own'd.
A Treaſon! makes me tremble to relate:
A treachery! their bloods muſt expiate.
When Subjects Traitors to their Prince do prove,
Thoſe Rebels, other Subjects may remove:
As not oblig'd to them, becauſe they are
Inthron'd; rather deſpiſe, who boldly dare,
Scepters uſurpe; and then as Tyrants ſway,
Becauſe they find, we baſely do obey.
If *Anaſtatius* will be rul'd by me,
He ſhall poſſeſs th'Imperial Dignity.
His courage, and his conduct, cannot fail,
When wit, and virtue leads, we mnſt prevail.
Yet Art, and Subtlety, ſhould firſt make way,
Leſt others Debts our ſelves be forc'd to pay.
So that if I in ſhew a Villain ſeem;
The good I do, my credit will redeem.
And if, by craft, I fail in my deſign;
My good old Sword, this work muſt then be thine. [*Exit.*

The Second Act.

The Scene, a black Room, and in it Longinus *in black, and a Muſician tuning his Lute at a diſtance.*

Longi. WAs ever Prince ſubjected by his Slaves?
Like *Zeno*, by the *Patriarck* and his crew.
Who think they muſt be wiſe, becauſe they're old:
And valiant, becauſe their tongues are bold.
But if my project take; I ſhall, ere long,
Teach their grave-heads a little more diſcretion.
In jealous times, 'tis no ill policy,
To mingle terrors, with the peoples wiſhes,
That thoſe who hope, may ballance them that fear.
This Room, this habit, with my ſullen brow,
Sufficiently do ſhew, my diſcontent;

And may beget ſuch rumors in the Town,
They will invite me to accept the Crown.
What ſtrange noiſe doeſt thou make? and why ſo long?

Muſic. I tune my ſtrings, Sir, that they may agree.

Longi. Pox of agreement, diſcords pleaſe me beſt;
Thy jarring ſtrings, my fancy will erect,
And ſute with the confuſions, I deſign.

Muſic. Would you to ſadneſs, or to mirth be mov'd?

Longi. Gueſs. [*He plays a merry tune.*
Hold, if thou would'ſt not have thy brains beat out.

Muſic. Pray Sir tell me, what you would have me play?

Longi. Doeſt thou not ſee my habit, and my looks?
Can thy ſhril ſtrings turn ſcorching fire to Ice,
Which in my breſt, like flaming *Ætna*, burns?
Or can they into trees, and ſtones put life?
As *Orpheus* did.

Muſic. Give me his Harpe, Ile do't.

Longi. 'Tis well reply'd; now make thy Lute ſend forth
Sounds, diſmal as the work I have in hand;
As black, and bloody, as my troubled mind:
That with each touch, my heart may ſimpathize.

He playes a ſad tune: Longinus *ſits, and keeps time with his head and feet; and then ſleeps while he ſings.*

The SONG.

The Sun, and Starrs, with wholeſome Rays,
All poiſon from the Earth expel:
But when Malignant Comets Raign;
Warr, Plague, and Famine, break from Hell.

Enter Fortune *blinded, carrying in her hand a wheele of skie colour ſpotted with gold, to which is faſtened on one ſide a gold Crown, and oppoſite to it an Ax; to the handle of the wheele is faſtened a gold rod, which* Fortune *pulling by intervals, as ſhe Dances, makes the wheele turn: To her enters a man dreſt like* Longinus, *who dances with* Fortune, *ſhe, letting down her wheele, ſeems to offer him the Crown, which he catches at; but by a quick turn of the wheele, is preſented with the Ax: Then enters another man dreſt like* Anaſtatius, *who dances with them, and as often as he meets the firſt Man, bows low to him; but at laſt comes behind, and trips up his heels. Then* Fortune *preſents the Crown to the laſt Man: and ſo all dance off ſeverally.*

As Longinus *ſleeps, his Tablets fall from his hand.*

Enter

Enter Anaſtatius *a Prayer-book in his hand.*

Anaſt. The Fox walks ſafely, when the Lion ſleeps;
This may ſome ſecrets to my view impart:
Horror! my hand is frozen with the touch; [*Takes up the Tablets,*
Whoever reads what is now written here, *and looks in them.*
Will ſtart, and tremble, though he know no fear.
He reads { Euphemians *prediction that* Zeno *ſhall be buried alive.* }
A cruel death, but worſe his crimes deſerve.
Reads { *A character of the Royal Parricide. He is a great Courtier, his face deceives his friends. In's Words he's juſt, but vile in his Actions.* }
If Heav'n for this great work, ſhould point at me;
Ile flie to execute their juſt Decree.
Reads { *Thoſe who are ſuſpected, preſently muſt die,* Euphemian *the Aſtrologer went firſt, the Orator* Gazeus *is to follow*, Harmatius next, *then* Pelagius *with* Anaſtatius, *and the reſt.* }
O cruel Monſter! what a Sea of blood
Doſt thou deſign to ſwim through for a Crown?
Reads { Sebaſtian *and* Phylargus *to be taken into our Councils.* }
A pair of Villains, only fit for Hell.
Reads { Anaſtatius *a plain man, neither fear him, nor truſt him, leave him for the laſt.* }
This Ile remember, there's your Notes again: [*Lays down the*
Thus forewarn'd; and by others harms, thus taught; *Tablets.*
Not to be active now, would be a fault.
Princes, 'tis you, that rouſe my drouſie thoughts,
To play a part, in this your bloody game;
That I with ſafety may your ruins ſee,
Who, only through contempt, do yet ſpare me.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. Why do you truſt your ſelf within theſe walls?
Anaſt. If I appear not, they will grow jealous.
Urbit. Does he ſleep, or counterfeit? come farther.
Anaſt. He ſleeps, and we are out of hearing now.
Urbit. You muſt be vigilant, and active too:
You want ſome Arts, which I could wiſh you learn.
Anaſt. Say of what nature, and by whom be taught?
Urbit. By me, and thus I will preſume to teach.
You muſt fain Piety, to do this work;

By which, with little hazard, you may gain
Opinion firſt, and then the Crown obtain.
Honors gate, to the ſubtle, opens wide;
When to the ſimple, entrance is deny'd.
With ſmoothed brows, your anger ſo diſguiſe,
As to imbrace him moſt, you moſt deſpiſe:
Your eyes with modeſty muſt ever ſhine;
Your looks moſt humble, and your words Divine.
Then laugh, when you do greateſt malice bear;
And when you dare do moſt, ſeem moſt to fear.
Your craft, like your deſign, muſt ſore ſo high,
That no man ſees your conquering Eagles flie.

Anaſt. *Urbitius* no, if Innocence, and Truth,
Will not obtain, what I deſign to do:
Let th'Empire fall, and all to ruine go.

Enter to them Gazeus, *and many Children in black.*

Anaſt. *Gazeus*, you come happily to help.
Gazeus. I come ſadly to ſhew a woful ſight;
What ſhall I firſt preſent? our private loſs,
Or the ſick Empires Common ſafety mourn?
Anaſt. The Common ſafety, is of moſt concern.
Gazeus. The heaps of ſlaughtered carcaſes, declare,
No man is ſafe, from *Caſars* murdering ſword.
Anaſt. How long will the ſlow Deity, ſuſpend
Juſt thunder, from theſe men, who will not mend?
Gazeus. Adjourn your wiſhes for a while, I come,
Boldly to tell *Longinus* to his face,
Theſe ſlaughters cry for vengeance on his head.
Anaſt. Where got you this, ſo brave, undaunted heart?
Gazeus. Whatever ſhall become of me, Ile do't.
Anaſt. If thou dar'ſt paint this Monſter to the life;
Go on great ſoul, and be victorious.
See where he ſits, alone; his empty houſe
Shews, that few dare approach him, but his guards.
You need not doubt acceſs: no Woolf denies
Free entrance to the Lamb he will devour.
I wiſh you well, but doubt ere you return,
Your Orphans may have a new cauſe to mourn.
I came to viſit him, but will retire,
Leſt he may think, that you and I conſpire. [*Exit with* Urbitius.
Gazeus. Cry Children, fill the Air with your laments.
Children. Mercy, Prince.
Gazeus. Louder yet.
Children. Mercy, Prince.
Longi. ſtarts. Is the Earth cleft, that Devils do aſcend?
What's the matter with all theſe black ſhadows?

Would

Would you ſpeak with me? Do I govern Hell?
You do miſtake. I have no power below:
My Throne cannot be yet erected there.
Until *Pelagius* feel the weight of this,
I have no claim to that Dominion.
Go Devils, go to your eternal night;
Doubt not, when I arrive; Ile do you right.
They ſtand. Oh ſtrange! my words are not regarded.

Children. Mercy, Prince.

Longi. The Whelps bark, hence Monſters, out.

Gazeus. Here are no Monſters *Cæſar*, but poor Orphans,
Robb'd of their Parents.

Children. Mercy, mercy, *Cæſar*.

Longi Silence theſe dreadful Brats, or cut their throats.
How comes it, that in Mourning they appear?

Gazeus. Their Fathers are all ſlain.

Longi. How! by the Sword?

Gazeus. Some hang'd, ſome poyſon'd, they had ſeveral ends.

Longi. Did they die juſtly?

Gazeus. No, unjuſtly All.

Longi. Call you the Sentence of the Law unjuſt?
Muſt not the guilty ſuffer for their crimes?

Gazeus. If ſo, then you, great Prince, condemn your ſelf;
For you are guilty of theſe cruel Murders.

Longi. Am I a Murderer? dull Sophiſter;
By all that's called Sacred, I ſwear thou lieſt.
This artifice ſhall deſtroy the Artiſt.
Souldiers, bind that wicked Villain *Gazeus*.

Children. Mercy, Prince.

Longi. Flie like a whirlewind, baſtards, out Vipers.

Children. Good Heav'n, revenge our defamation. [*Exunt* Children.

Gazeus. *Longinus*, moderate your fierce paſſion,
And learn to bridle your reſentments more:
Till this Empire be in better order,
Order your own boſome, and you're well.
Why will you leap headlong into Hell!
Why ſeek out ſins? why hunt for wickedneſs?
The ſpace, 'twixt life and death, is very ſhort;
No wicked man was ever happy long.
The peoples blood, which you have ſpilt, cries loud:
The Maids, and Widows of the Murthered too,
For vengeance call; take heed how you provoke
Juſt Heav'n, to hurl quick thunder at your breſt,
For your contempt, in daring to conteſt
Thoſe Laws, which are directed from above,

Longi. Great Orator! I know your Eloquence:
You can loud Thunder, and fierce Lightning ſend,
By way of admonition to your friend.

Ile return your kindneſs, in my own Coin,
Bring a bowl of high colour'd, noble Wine;
The Orator ſhall drink *Ambroſia*, [*They bring him a*
To refreſh his ſpirits, ſpent in diſcourſe. *bowl of Wine.*
Souldier, bring him an eaſie chair; ſit, Sir,
And down with your rich Liquor, down with it.

Gazeus. Pardon *Cæſar*.

Longi. Drink it all off, or I will poure it down.

Gazeus. Muſt I drink poyſon in a golden cup?
Is this a juſt reward for Innocence?

Longi. A juſt puniſhment for a prating knave,
That boldly dares defame his Soveraign.
Doſt thou ſtop? drink it off, or with thy blood
Ile fill the bowl; and make thee drink that too.

Gazeus. Thoſe that truſt Tyrants, muſt periſh thus;
I drink Death ſwimming in this fatal bowl,
Which leads me to ſure Liberty and reſt.
Thou that defieſt Heaven, ſhalt drink Sulphur;
And be condemn'd unto Eternal flames. [*Drinks.*

Longi. Go now make Speeches unto *Lucifer*;
Throw the Dog on a dunghil, till he burſts.

[*Exeunt all but* Longinus.

Enter Zeno *to him.*

Oh vain hope! I dream't of Crowns and Scepters.

Zeno. My Brother, why, on this great day, ſo ſad?
How comes your Purple, overcaſt with black?

Longi. Black, not to be put off, till drench'd in blood.
Could *Pelagius* do this? Oh bitter rage!
Cæſars only Brother, and the worlds Light,
Is a mean fellow grown, the jeſt o'th Court!
Sport of the Age! a prey to *Pelagius*.
Oh monſtrous! Do you ſee? do you look on?
Approve you this? while I die with anger.

Zeno. Be pacified, and keep your anger in,
He's ne're ſecure, that does provoke his Prince.
Doubt not my revenge, for that wound lies deep;
Ile not forget, nor ſhall my anger ſleep.

Longi. When ſhall he die? why ſo ſlow to puniſh?

Zeno. Hatred, allows us time to execute.

Longi. Let private men hate, Kings ſhould dart their Swords,
And their ſharpe Javelins at offenders throw,
The ſame moment, they preſume t'oppoſe.
Why do you Raign? what means the world's Scepter
In your hand, if ſtill ſubject unto fear?

Zeno. Great and numerous, are *Pelagius* guards,
Virtue, Innocence, profound Eloquence;
In the greateſt ſtorms, a Serene temper;
High in the Senates, and the peoples favor:

Raſhly

Raſhly to remove this Pillar now,
Will ſure diſturb, and may deſtroy your hopes.

Longi. If he be now ſo formidable grown,
'Tis time he were diſpatch'd, leſt he grow on.
But if you do conſider well, you'l find
Whom the great men, or people do cry up,
Is not much worthy of our ſerious thoughts;
For Him, they alwayes in high place ador'd,
When falling, do not one good word afford.
The ſtately Cedar, ſtrutting on a hill,
Gives pleaſure, and delight, to every eye:
But when by ſtorms deſtroy'd, or elſe cut down,
We ſee it trampled on by every Clown.

Zeno. We will conſult again, ere it be long:
Eirene does expect me. [*Exit* Zeno.

Longi. *Zeno*, like men at leaſure, may make Love;
His Empire's ſettled, and his Crown ſticks faſt:
And yet if proud *Harmatius* be not check't,
He'l make my Brother ſmart for this neglect.
But I, who ſerve at large, am no body;
Muſt not be lazie in this buſie age:
While the Crown does hover ore my head,
To ſleep, or to be idle 's to be dead.
The Empreſs, I am told, is very ſick;
And if *Eirene* ſhould ſupply her place,
All my deſigns will turn to my diſgrace.
Harmatius and *Pelagius* muſt both die.
And then ſlie *Anaſtatius*, with the reſt.
Much muſt be done, ere I the Throne aſcend:
I have ſo many Irons hot at once,
I know not which to ſtrike, nor which may cool;
But muſt, as they within my reach do fall,
Boldly reſolve to ſtrike, and ruin all. [*Exit* Longinus.

Enter the Emperor, with Eirene: *their Servants ſtand off.*

Eirene. How ill your Actions with your Words agree;
While with ſuch gentleneſs you flatter me?
My Brothers Purple from his ſhoulders torn,
His Diadem on black *Longinus* head
Is plac'd; my Father from the Army call'd;
And I no doubt have ſome ſiniſter Doom:
That our whole Family, may at own puſh
Be tumbled down, and the great debt cancell'd.
——Is this the recompence, the high reward,
My Valiant Father ſo well merited:
When in the head of all his Legions,
He the late Tyrant ſlew, by your command,

And put his Scepter in your hand?

Zeno. You are too violent, in theſe exclaimes,
And do preſume too farr, to blow the flames
Of my pure love, into ſo great deſpair;
As may beget the miſchief which you fear.
All that is paſt, I can as yet recal,
And make the Ruine, on the Adviſers fall;
If your hard heart, will now at laſt conſent,
To be my Partner in the Government.

Eirene. The terror of *Longinus* bloody deeds,
My fear, and apprehenſion farr exceeds.
Now you your Brother, your Copartner make;
Mankind muſt tremble, and the Earth will ſhake,
Under the mighty weight of crimes ſo great;
As the ſole Empire only can compleat.
My faithful Father, and my Brother gone;
Who then has *Cæſar* to ſupport his Throne?

Zeno. If this advice be from *Eirenes* heart;
Cæſar would have no need of more ſupport.
I know *Longinus* nature, and his rage,
I know he is the terror of this age;
I know my life, and Empire is his aime;
And I know how to counter-play his game:
I therefore took him to me, on the Throne,
Safely to bring him to deſtruction.
Your Brother was remov'd, on this conſult,
Your Father was call'd home, as in diſgrace.
But come, He ſhall *Longinus* place ſupply;
Eirenes frown, ſhall be his Deſtiny.
If my fair Saint will let me ſacrifice
An Hecatomb of ſighs, to her bright eyes,
And not turn from me, with ſo ſtrange diſdain;
My life, and Empire, will unmov'd remain.

Eirene. Great Sir! what can your humbleſt vaſſal ſay?
How can I duty, and obedience pay,
Beyond my prayers to Heav'n, for your repoſe,
And for the Empreſs quick recovery?
Who languiſhes under an unknown grief,
In pains beyond relation, or belief. [*Weeps.*

Zeno. Madam, we muſt all die, and ſo muſt ſhe,
To my great grief, (if Heaven do ſo decree.)
Till time theſe arguments for tears remove,
I ſhall no more aſſault you, with my Love. [*Exit* Zeno.

Enter

Enter Anaſtatius.

Anaſt. How got you out of *Zeno*'s nets ſo ſoon ?
Eirene. I talk'd him into frights, to free my ſelf,
And ſent him hence more laden with his cares,
Than Love; I ſaw his flatteries thrown out,
In hope to bring his wicked ends about.
But by you warn'd, of our approaching harms,
I was ſecur'd, from his Infernal charms.
Anaſt. Courage, gives luſter to your Innocence;
And both ſhew virtue glorious through the world.
Madam, the Empreſs does congratulate
Your ſafety, as her own; and does adviſe,
You do avoid occaſions for ſurpriſe:
She knows, againſt the Tyrants arts, no ſpell,
But patience, can prevail; you are yet ſafe:
And if the Army fail not, we ſhall try
The Fates decree, for a quick deſtiny.
Eirene. I ſhall attend the Empreſs, and there ſhew,
That I can ſuffer, and dare boldly die;
If you do not ſubvert this Tyranny.

Enter Baſiliſcus.

Welcome Brother, you wear a cheerful face,
As if not ſenſible of your diſgrace.
Baſiliſ. To frown for an affront, beyond the reach
Of my revenge; would teach the jealous Foe,
How to direct, and fix a ſecond blow.
No, no, *Eirene*, though I wear no purple,
Yet I may tear the Crown from *Zeno*'s temples.
Our Father's on his March, he'l come to Court,
And take no notice yet, of my diſgrace,
But wiſely calms the tempeſt in his breſt,
That he may *Zeno*, and *Longinus* feaſt
Ere long; and then in publick, will repeat
His laſt Victory, with the Foes retreat:
That done, He will demand my place i'th' State,
And take, what they will offer him too late.
Anaſt. Bravely reſolv'd. But I muſt not be ſeen.
Longinus ſpies do carry *Argus* eyes,
And may ſoon fruſtrate your deſign, if I
Appear conſulting with your Family:
But, if you want my help, I ſhall be near,
Till when, it is not prudence to appear.
Madam, unleſs you give me your commands,
Ile not Act yet, but be a looker on.

Eirene.

Eirene. 'Tis moſt unfit that you anticipate
The grand deſign, on my command; I know
My Father wants not skill to execute,
What he contrives for our ſecurity.
I only pray, that no more blood be ſpilt
By him, than what will waſh off *Zeno*'s guilt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Third Act.

[*Trumpets afar off.*

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebaſtianus, *and Train.*

Sebaſt. *Cæſar*, the noiſe drawes nigher.
Zeno. Like armed Troops.
Sebaſt. They ſound a charge.
Zeno. What can this alarum mean?
Sebaſt. Th'Imperial Standard marches in the Van.
Longi. A curſe upon this Army, to revolt now.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. *Caſar*, Arme.
Longi. May fatal Armes orewhelme thee.
Zeno. And why Arme?
Urbit. The Earth groans under men.
Longi. We'l make them groan,
Urbit. Great *Harmatius* in the front appears.
Zeno. I am amaz'd! what if his Son ſhould meet him?
The injur'd, degraded *Baſiliſcus*.
How will juſt grief inflame the old mans ſoul?
Sure he will ſtorm the City in his rage.
Longi. To ſtop him, we muſt uſe ſome ſtratagem.
Zeno. I, Brother. What!

Enter Anaſtatius.

Anaſt. *Caſar*, the Troops approach.
Zeno. Owl, why doeſt thou ſcreech ſo?
Anaſt. I hear the Trumpets plain.
Zeno. Peace, thou Infernal Screech Owl.
Anaſt. Pardon, *Caſar*, I meant not to offend.
Zeno. How ſhall we divert theſe Rebels?
Urbit. Let that be my care.

I'le ſend this Army from the City walls,
And will as ſuddenly disband them too.
Harmatius ſhall in peace now come to Court,
And free from jealouſie himſelf inſnare.

Longi. By what device?

Urbit. 'Tis not yet ripe, nor have we time to talk:
Let my head be the forfeit if I fail.

Zeno. Go on, if Fortune crown thee with ſucceſs,
Half mine is thine: thou wilt deſerve no leſs.

All go off but Anaſtaſius *and* Urbitius.

Urbit. A proſp'rous gale attends on our deſigns.
Do you not mark, how theſe thick ſculs contrive
Our work; and haſten on their own deſtruction?

Anaſt. Yes, this great work has its ſucceſs from Heav'n.
Zeno dreads *Harmatius*, (that Son of *Mars*.)
His Brother an immortal grudge doth bear
To grave *Pelagius*; their Fates decreed:
The Brothers are reſolv'd, thoſe two ſhall bleed.
Will not the Senate, and the people love
Thoſe, who deſtroy theſe wicked Emperors?
And by ſo bold an Act, this Empire free
From farther bloodſhed, and from ſlavery.

Urbit. The Deſtinies deſign you to do it.

Anaſt. I, a poor Screech Owl, or a Buzard am!
In the two brave Brothers eſtimation.
Yet with the Vulture, I may change my vote,
And learn ſome tragick tunes, in hope to fright
Thoſe two inhumane Butchers, with my ſight.

Urbit. But tell us how *Harmatius* muſt be caught.

Anaſt. Briefly thus, I'le find out *Baſiliſcus*,
And in the ſo did pickle he is in,
Send him to his great Father in the Camp;
Where you, and I will be, to aggravate
The young Mans ſufferings, which muſt needs inrage
Harmatius, to reſolve a quick revenge;
Or by ſome private ſtratagem return,
The Cruel Princes treachery, with ſcorn.
Look, the Colours begin to move this way,
Haſt to congratulate his ſafe approach,
And till his Son comes, keep him in diſcourſe.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Harmatius *and Officers.*

Harmat. Souldiers, we muſt not ſack this Royal Town;
It is enough that we have reach'd the walls:
To carry in theſe Armes, our Laws forbid.
Let us thank Heav'n, for this our ſafe return,

After ſo many Victories obtain'd;
And not imbroil our Country in a Warr,
For private wrongs done to my Family.
Your love to me, and courages, I know:
Your very looks have gain'd what I deſire;
My Enemies already are ſubdu'd:
None dares oppoſe, the Gates do open ſtand,
The City I command; and yet not I:
Victory follows, where your Eagles flie.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. Welcome great General, beſt of Souldiers,
Our *Eaſtern* Empires ſafety, and ſupport,
May Heav'n propitious be to your intents.
This Armies glorious Actions, and your own,
By all the *Eaſt* are fear'd, as well as known.
Harmat. My Lord, no Courtſhip. Is all quiet here?
Urbit. No. Our old evils are reviv'd again,
Th'Imperial Brothers rather Rage than Reign;
Your Daughters honor's violently preſt;
Your Son with ſcorn, and inſolence thrown out;
Our great, and beſt men, murder'd ev'ry day:
And to increaſe this Fatal Tragedy,
The worthy Empreſs, muſt by poyſon die.
'Tis in your will, and in your power alone,
To ſave this Empire from deſtruction.
Harmat. I have heard ſomething of theſe ills you name.

Enter to them, Anaſtaſius *and* Baſiliſcus *in ill Clothes.*

Harmat. Can this poſſibly be He? Oh my Son!
Baſiliſ. Oh Father! [*They imbrace.*
Harmat. I am amaz'd! what alteration's this?
How came you in this ſad condition, Son?
Anaſt. Oh the wheel of Fortune!
Harmat. What dares Fortune againſt me?
Anaſt. What ever horrid Envy dares attempt.
Harmat. Whence all this ſadneſs? whence theſe meager looks,
And ragged mournings, dark as night it ſelf?
Anaſt. 'Tis *Zeno*'s work: the Brute was then inrag'd,
Or he would not have ſentenc'd him, unheard.
Baſiliſ. In a full Council, without cauſe produc'd,
He did condemn, and pronounc'd me guilty,
Took off my Robes, and ſo degraded me.
Urbit. Oh Monſtrous! ſo inrag'd againſt a youth.
Baſiliſ. Then baniſh'd me from Court, and bid me wear
Poor Clothes, much fitter for my quality.

The grief of this brought me to what you ſee.
My wrongs cry loud to you, Sir, for revenge:
In which my heart, and hand, ſhall active be.
Harmat. Unhappy Son! has *Zeno* broak his faith;
And dar'd to throw ſuch high contempts on me?
Soldiers, to Armes, to Armes: bring fagots in,
We now will fire the Palace o're his head,
And make that faithleſs Monarch periſh in't.
Ungrateful *Zeno*, to reward me thus!
What could this tender youth attempt 'gainſt thee?
Anaſt. It was indeed a barbarous decree,
So to bereave us of a hopeful Prince.
Harmat. Though the Tyrant rage, thou my Son ſhalt Reign.
To Arms, while my inraged angers up:
We'l bring confuſion on falſe *Zeno*'s head.
I'le make the Tyrant know, 'twas I alone
That with this Sword, did ſet him on his Throne;
And with this Arme come now to pull him down.
Caſtor, give orders out for an Aſſault:
We'l purge the Caſtle, and the Town with fire,
Till with the Tyrants blood, we quench the flames,
Leave no remembrance of them, but their Names.
But whither do I headlong caſt my ſelf?
My paſſion ſwells beyond all moderate bounds,
Down, down my heart, and calmly ſmother this
Affront; till I get *Zeno* in my power:
That men may ſee, I can ſubdue my ſelf,
With the ſame courage which has conquer'd others.
Thus ſtay my fury, to preſerve my friends,
Until ſome way for my revenge be found,
To ſeparate the rotten from the ſound.
Urbit. We do all know, your power upon your ſelf,
Who can beſt judge, when paſſion reaſon rules.
The tumults in the ſoul cannot diſcern
High acts of Juſtice, from ſuch mean revenge,
As great *Harmatius* ever ſcorn'd to own.
If by the force of Armes you do prevail,
How can your Friends from Enemies be known?
Shall the juſt and unjuſt have the ſame Fate?
Shall our Records to after ages tell,
That your Country by your laſt Conqueſt fell?
And in this noble Cities ruin hide,
All your paſt glories, and this Nations pride.
Harmat. You do confirm me, and I will conſult
On my ſecond thoughts, which you now adviſe.
Urbit. Why ſhould we run the hazard of a fight,
When our work may be better done by ſmiles?
Cæſar wants no friends, nor guards about him;

The Palace ſtrong, the City too in Arms:
If you aſſault, they'l fight you.

Harmat. For a Tyrant?

Urbit. Their preſent fear will ſoon forget that Name,
And their concern forgive paſt injuries.
When they ſee our devouring Swords prevail;
Who knows what then to hope, or what to wiſh?
Thus, we by force compel them to oppoſe,
Who elſe would joyn, to throw the Tyrant out.

Anaſt. 'Tis moſt juſt, you ſhould have ſatisfaction.

Urbit. That we agree: But let us make ſure work.
Your Countries reſcue, and your Sons great wrongs,
And blood of Innocents, for vengeance cry:
But the way to't, is worthy our conſult.

Harmat. Give me your opinion, how I ſhall proceed.

Urbit. Diſſemble your reſentments; go to Court
As you were wont, unarm'd, only with ten
Of your beſt Captains. You have friends in Court,
To juſtifie what ever you attempt,
Men you can truſt, of power and credit there.
Then let your Captains at the Court, preſent
A Military Dance, who when you ſtamp,
May kill the Tyrant; then of courſe you Rule.
Your Army ready, and your Party arm'd,
Who dares diſpute your title to the Crown?
Something like this may be contriv'd, and done.

Harmat. I ſhall in part now follow your advice;
I have it fuller than you yet deſign.
Caſtor, let all the Army be refreſh'd
In the next Villages; and there attend
The Trumpets ſound: I will remove to Court.
Send ten of my beſt Captains after me,
Men of try'd courage, and fidelity.
Baſiliſcus, you ſhall go along too;
Thou ſhalt lead up this Military dance,
And with thy Dagger there thy head advance:
If we can but throw this great Tyrant down;
Thine ſhall then be his Scepter, and his Crown.

All go off, but Anaſtaſius, Caſtor, *and Souldiers.*

Anaſt. Ye noble Sons of *Mars*, this Empires life,
On whoſe courage our Countries Liberty,
And happineſs, ſecurely does rely;
'Tis your triumphant troops preſerves us all.
No rewards can equal this your virtue,
No praiſes reach the honor you have wone,
All that my place or credit can procure,
I freely offer you. This gold, accept it,
As a ſmall teſtimony of my Love:

Caſtor,

Caſtor, pray ſee it be diſtributed.
I wiſh much happineſs, and mirth to all. [*Exit.*

Caſtor, and Sould. all Long may brave *Anaſtaſius* Live and Rule.

Caſtor. 'Twere well, if we had ſuch an Emperor:
Such golden ſhowers are rare, in this our age! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Zeno, *and* Urbitius *in diſcourſe.*

Urbit. Sir, you ſhall find, what I relate, moſt true.
Zeno. My fear is over, now I live again.
I do imbrace, and hug this ſubtle Plot:
Let the Rebellious Captains play, and dance;
And let *Harmatius* lead the Maſquerade.
That crafty, wiſe, victorious General;
Shall play his Maſter-piece, and in it fall.
I, on my Couch, will their ſpectator be,
To Judge their Revels, and pertake their ſport,
Until my Q. calls me to act my part;
Then ſtrike this Dagger through *Harmatius* heart.
Let all our guards be ready with their Arms,
Let the Nobility incompaſs me,
And let *Longinus*, his aſſiſtance give.
The Empires ſafety muſt not now rely
On me alone; one pillar cannot bear
So ſtrong an Enemy, invading it.
Urbit. In the art of Empire, *Caſar*'s the great Maſter;
To Rule by Virtue, Riches, and by Armes,
Shews, that your Counſels move by powerful charms.

Enter Sebaſtianus.

Sebaſt. Sir, *Harmatius* begs leave to kiſs your hand;
Longinus ſayes, He's ready to fall on;
And that your ſtout old Guards, highly inrag'd,
Denounce quick ruin to your Enemies.
Zeno. If all be ord'red, let *Harmatius* come.

Enter Longinus *with the Guards.*

Longi. Behold the Souldiers are already Arm'd.
Zeno. Brother, I ſee your friendſhip, and your faith.
Your Souldiers, now ſo loyal to their Prince,
Muſt not appear, until the Dance be done.
I'le give the ſign, then ſuddenly ruſh in,
And carry off *Harmatius*, with the reſt.
Take care the Palace Gates be well ſecur'd.
Longi. All ſhall be ſafe, and done, as you could wiſh.

Zeno. 'Tis well, now we are ſo ripe for action,
In his own ſtratagem, we'l take the Traitor.
My anger, and revenge, ſhall then flie out,
To ſhew the world, how dangerous it is
Thus to awake the Deſtiny of Monarchs.
But now no more; with ſmooth and gentle looks,
I muſt imbrace this Monſter; here he comes.

Enter Harmatius, *and Officers.*

Zeno. I bleſs Heav'n, that *Harmatius* is return'd,
By whoſe Illuſtrious actions! *Zeno* lives.
Longi. aſide. How rarely he does act the Hypocrite?
Zeno. Welcome to Court, welcome much more to me:
After ſo many Victories obtain'd;
'Tis time brave Man, to dedicate your Sword
To Peace, and in your Prince's boſome reſt.
Harmat. Great Sir, our Eagles with your fortune flew,
And all our Victories we owe to you.
Thoſe Neighbours, who ſo boldly did intrude,
By *Zeno*'s Name, and Arms, are now ſubdu'd.
And Sir, your Troops do in their quarters ſtand,
Ready to march, where *Cæſar* ſhall command.
Zeno. Now let our Boſoms, and our Hearts imbrace:
And place this Lawrel, on *Harmatius* head; [*Put on him a Garland.*
Which only He of me has merited.
Urbit. Were ever crafty Foxes better match'd?
Longi. See, Brother, where the God of War appears.
Zeno. *Harmatius*, I reſerv'd your place next me.
[*They all ſit.*

Enter Mars *drawn in a Chariot: by him the Maſquers ſleeping.*

Zeno. What ſad Solemnity does *Mars* preſent?
Mars. I come, great *Cæſar*, to implore your aid.
You ſee, how ſad, and dull my Chariot looks:
An high oppreſſing grief, has conquer'd *Mars*.
I ſpy'd theſe Champions, on the *Thracian* fields,
Whom neither voice, nor Trumpet ſound could wake:
I then their Fate of *Phœbus* did inquire.
Who ſaid, they were by a *Circean* Charme
So bound, that by no means they could be wak'd,
Till they by the beſt Captains Sword were touch'd:
Then ſhould they ſoon unfold the Fates Decree.
By you, the great Commander of the world,
This Charm can only be diſſolv'd; your Sword
Can only bring theſe Warriers unto life.

Zeno.

Zeno. Great Souldier, draw your Sword; this mighty work [*Speaks to*
Belongs to you, by you theſe Captains muſt be freed. [Harmat.
Harmat. Your pardon, *Cæſar*, for in your preſence
My Power determines. Only *Cæſars* hand
Can free theſe Captives from their ſleepy Charm.
Mars. I'le equally decide this great conteſt:
Harmatius Sword will do't, in *Cæſar*'s hand.
Harmat. *Cæſar* commands *Harmatius*, and his Sword. [*Delivers it to* Zeno.
[Zeno *with* Harmatius *Sword touches the ſleeping Captains, they wake.*
Zeno. Thus I diſſolve the dull Charm. Souldiers, wake.
Mars. Hark, how the Trumpets ſummon you to Arms!
Good day to the Heroick Sons of *Mars*:
Your dead ſleep's over, thanks to th'Emperor;
The ſole procurer of your happineſs.
Firſt Capt. Great Emperor, while *Mars*'s Planet ſhines,
His Progeny ſhall honor, and ſerve you.
Mars. Now preſent *Cæſar* with a warlike Dance.
Mars *leading, they dance two by two, and deliver their Swords to* Mars, *who gives them into the Scene: At the end of the Dance, they draw their Daggers, and deliver them to* Mars. *Then* Longinus *whiſpers to* Zeno.
Longi. To Arms: The buſineſs, and the time requires't.
Zeno. Souldiers, to Arms, your Emperor's betray'd;
Firſt ſeaſe *Harmatius*, then his fellow Traitors,
Load them with Irons, till they cannot move.
Harmat. *Cæſar* will hear me ſpeak, ere He condemn.
Zeno. *Cæſar* a dreadful Name will prove to thee.
Harmat. I vow by Heav'n, that I am innocent.
Zeno. Take hence the Traitor, we do know enough.
Longi. *Harmatius* plotted to take *Zeno*'s life.
Harmat. I know no guilt.
Longi. Guilty of the higheſt Treaſon.
Zeno. *Urbitius*, diſcover what you know.
Urbit. Oh thou great Ruler of the World! who ſeeſt
The hidden ſecrets of the Subtleſt hearts,
And wilt revenge the perjuries of men;
Let Thunder ſtrike me dead, if I ſpeak falſe!
Harmatius, much inrag'd for his diſgrace,
And his Son's being degraded from the Throne,
Did, by this Martial Dance, plot *Cæſar*'s death,
And order'd *Baſiliſcus* to ſtrike firſt.
Longi. Now, mighty Souldier, plead your Innocence,
Equivocate, and ſwear you are not guilty.
Treaſon's no Crime, in your Heroick heart.
Harmat. *Cæſar*, I now diſcern this, Plot is yours;
You ſent your inſtrument, this fawning Dog
Urbitius, to diſſuade me from revenge,

In the Noble way, I did deſign it;
Leſt I ſhould ſpill the blood of Innocents,
Which, by my Sword, might fall with Murtherers.
'Twas he, not I, that did contrive this Plot,
By your advice; who now condemn me for't.
Here, here, I offer up my naked breſt:
Let out my ſoul. For my inraged heart;
Contemns the little time I have to live.
I ſcorn to beg a life that's thus betray'd;
Yet bluſh to be ſo Childiſhly deſtroy'd.
After ſuch dangers and ſuch Battles won;
To place ſo great a Devil on the Throne!
My Son, 'tis nobler much, to die with me,
Than to live longer here, with Infamy.

Baſilif. Living, I made your Actions my Examples;
And boldly, now in Death, I'le follow you.

Harmat. Thou art my Son, I ſee, that canſt prefer
Thy honour 'bove thy life; to die with me;
Who boldly ſlew one Tyrant in the field,
And to this Tyrant do diſdain to yield.

Zeno. Lead them all off to Execution. [*Exeunt Priſoners.*

Longi. Captain, make haſt, let one Ax ſerve them all.

Zeno. That peſtilent tongue does much diſturb me.

Longi. A few minutes will eaſe you of that pain.

Zeno. 'Tis well; and ſo am I, for now I live.
Sebaſtian, publiſh you *Harmatius* Plot:
Let ſome cajole the credulous people,
Who ever joyn with thoſe, that firſt complain.
Urbitius, take the gold that lies within;
With that, and all your art, appeaſe the Souldiers,
Who for their General's Death will be inrag'd:
Bid them be Loyal to the Crown, and Me,
I will reward their beſt fidelity.

Urbit. I ſhall looſe no time to ſerve my Royal Maſter. [*Exit* Urbit.

Zeno. Brother, you ſhall with me aſcend the Throne;
That, when I die, you then may Rule alone:
But we muſt firſt remove *Pelagius*.

Longi. That I'le ſoon do, I have a trick for him.
He has forſaken Chriſt, and worſhips *Jove*:
There ſhall be Witneſſes to prove it true;
Though he be no more guilty of't, than you.

Zeno. But will it look like truth, as you propoſe't?

Longi. Leave that to me, it is my great concern.

Zeno. If your deſign ſucceeds, the Villain dies.
Be ſure you truſt ſafe Agents, and diſpatch.

Longi. Oh! the Deſtruction of my Enemy,
Shall neither want diſpatch, nor vigilance. [*Exeunt.*

The

The Fourth Act.

Enter Empreſs, Patriarck, Anaſtaſius, Urbitius, *and Doctor.*

Empreſs. I Have already done, what does become
A wife, by ſuch addreſſes, as did ſhew
His ſafety was indanger'd by his crimes;
And my concern for him expreſt ſo high!
That he was ſtartled at the tears I ſhed,
And ſeem'd, as if he were admoniſhed.
Patriarck. Madam, the zeal, and duty you have pay'd,
Does more inrage, than mitigate a man,
That Warrs with Heav'n: 'Tis treaſure that we want:
And only you can that ſupply; to win
The diſcontented Army, to protect
Your life, the Empire, and our Nation ſave;
Ere *Zeno*, all into confuſion turn.
Empreſs. Does our Religion wives impower to force
Their Husbands will? Though *Zeno*'s ſins cry loud,
Can I his Scepter ſway? Shall I controul,
What Heav'n alone to Monarchs doth allow?
Such a preſumption, may create in me,
A greater crime, than *Zeno* can commit.
Religion bids me, to my Fate ſubmit.
Urbit. Religion binds your Majeſty, and us,
To ſave our ſelves, and our poſterity,
From ravening Woolves, that do the world annoy;
And ſuch as will, in time, mankind deſtroy.
Anaſt. We do not invite your Majeſty
To act with us; but to impart a Loan
Of ſo much money, for the publick good,
As may ſtop the effuſion of more blood.
If our deſigns go higher, than to ſet
You free from Death, and all from ſlavery;
Then let the Evil, which your Virtue dreads,
With all its weight, be lay'd upon our heads.
Patriarck. I am no man of blood, 'tis Piety
To wiſh, that our great Monarch may,
As Heav'n directs, his Royal Scepter ſway.
Empreſs. My Lords, what you allege concerning me,
Urges my ſafety by Impiety.
If Heav'n have, by a Tyrants will, decreed
That I muſt die; I am content to bleed.

Patriarck. 'Tis a kind of ſelf-ſlaughter to comply
With Murderers; not Heaven's will ſo to die.
Now you are warn'd, and may your death prevent;
Your yielding weds his crime, by your conſent.
Empreſs. I value not my Treaſure,, nor my Fate,
Above your lives, and ſafety of the State,
But doubt the event of what you ſafety call;
And fear leſt *Zeno*, by my money fall.
Do but ſecure that doubt, and all I have
Shall be at your command: For I dare truſt
Your Honours, that your Actions will be juſt.
While I, who cannot judge ſo great affairs,
Will guard my Innocence, with timely prayers.
Doctor. Madam, you will do well, to fain ſome pain,
Leſt *Zeno* find his poyſon does not work;
And ſo grow jealous of my ſubtlety;
Who do perſwade him 't works inviſibly.
Empreſs. 'Tis hard to counterfeit to ſave my life;
It looks ſo like a crime, to own a lie;
My bluſhes will diſcover't though I die. [*Exeunt.*

[Urbitius, *and* Anaſtaſius *ſtay.*

Urbit. 'Tis ſtrange how Fortune favors our deſign!
I carry *Zeno*'s money to the Camp,
And, in your Name, beſtow his Donative.
Now ſay, what Oratory I muſt uſe.
Anaſt. Go, and be proſp'rous; ſay *Harmatius* fell
By the Emperial Brothers treachery;
Who envying his great Actions, inſtead
Of recompenſe for all his ſervices,
Deſtroy'd him, and his Son; and do intend
Speedily to reduce their Legions too,
For the ſame cauſe they ſlew their General.
Incenſe them all you can, inrage their Spirits,
And by theſe Arts, invite them to revenge.
Then profer all my fortune, with my life,
To juſtifie their General and them.
Urbit. I ſoon ſhall have diſpatch'd all theſe commands.
Make haſt to be elected by the Army.
Anaſt. Go: when *Pelagius* comes, Ile follow you,
And bring with me, another ſhower of gold;
To quicken their reſolves, and fix them more. [*Exit.* Urbit.
Did ever gale blow proſperous like this,
In midſt of ſuch great ſtorms, to convey me
Thus to my wiſh'd Port? — Is this Fortunes work?
Or my own act, begotten in my ſoul?
Th' effect of that bright ſpark of living Air;
That ſets bold men, to ſtruggle with theie Fate,
And ſo, do our own Deſtinies create!

Thus

Thus I'le go on, and raiſe my vulgar earth
Unto the skies: there like the Sun I'le ſhine,
And Rule the World below. I have been here
Tramp'led upon, by Men as meanly born,
Tyrants, who let none live, but thoſe they ſcorn. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſtor *and Souldiers at one door,* Urbitius *at the other.*

Caſtor. *Urbitius!*
Urbit. Oh, the plague of Tyranny!
Caſtor. Why againſt Tyranny do you exclaim?
Urbit. Can Princes thirſt for their beſt ſervants blood?
Caſtor. By Heav'n you rack me: What ſad news d'ye bring?
Urbit. It is too big to utter all at once.
Caſtor. Pray let us know it. If we muſt grief ſuſtain
This expectation, is the greater pain.
Urbit. *Harmatius!*
Caſtor. How I ſhake! What of *Harmatius?*
Urbit. Is, by the cruel Brothers put to death.
Caſtor. *Harmatius!* the terrour of the *Eaſt!*
Our General ſlain, for Conquering *Cæſar*'s Foes!
Sure ſuch ingratitude was never known,
To one, that plac'd a *Cæſar* on his Throne.
Urbit. 'Tis ſo, he knew no crime, but ſerving him.
Caſtor. How came *Harmatius* into *Zeno*'s power?
Urbit. The uſual way with Tyrants (treachery.)
Zeno moſt kindly welcom'd him to Court,
To entertain him there, prepar'd a Maſque;
Then Armed men, when *Zeno* gave the word,
Ruſh'd in, and put *Harmatius* to the Sword.
Caſtor. Souldiers to Arms, to Arms: with Sword and Fire
We will revenge our General, and hurl
Confuſion on the Tyrant Traitor's head.
Beat up the Drums, we'l march immediately.
Urbit. *Caſtor*, reſtrain revenge till we conſult,
For you muſt know, the Palace is ſecur'd,
The Guards are doubl'd, and the Town in Arms;
All the Nobility adhere to *Cæſar*.
You know the great uncertainty of Warr:
And if we ſhould prevail! in ſtorming Towns,
Who can diſtinguiſh Friends, from Enemies?
Caſtor. Shall *Zeno* then eſcape our juſt revenge?
Urbit. No, but there's a readier way to do it.
We all know *Anaſtaſius*, for a Man
of Honor, Virtue, and undaunted Courage,
A Souldier of great Conduct, and much wealth;
If you will ſwear fidelity to him,
He'l ſhew us the opportuneſt time to move:

For

For by thoſe Murderers he's fear'd, and hated.
He gladly will imbrace *Harmatius* cauſe,
With your defenſe; and pull thoſe Tyrants down.
I to the Army bring this gold from him.
And if Heav'n proſper his, and your reſolves,
Thus bravely to revenge *Harmatius* death;
He will reward your merit, to your wiſh.

Caſtor. We chuſe brave *Anaſtaſius* Emperor.

Souldiers. We chuſe brave *Anaſtaſius* Emperor.

Caſtor. With *Anaſtaſius* will you live and die?

Souldiers. To *Anaſtaſius* we will ſwear Allegiance.

Urbit. Farewel brave Sons of *Mars*, I'le now acquaint
Great *Anaſtaſius*, our new Emperor,
With your Election, and fidelity. [*Exit.* Urbitius.

Caſtor. Souldiers, now trail your Colours, and your pikes;
Let our Drums beat, as at a Funeral:
And let the Trumpets, like to Screech Owls, ſhreek.
Harmatius fall'n, the Wars have loſt their pride;
And ſome muſt bleed, ere we be ſatisfi'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pelagius.

Pelag. Why does my mind miſgive me, to do well?
What fear is this recals, and pulls me back?
My ſoul aſſures me, my intent is good,
As great. Why tremble then? why thus diſmaid?
My buſineſs is my Countries cauſe; and I
By Heav'n am choſen to this publick work;
And I will do it boldly, though I die!
Zeno by me ſhall know his cruelty.
[*The Kings Chappel opens.*
The Chappel opens. 'Tis a happy Omen:
No time is loſt, when we implore Heaven's Aid.
Here I ſhall take new courage, raiſe my heart;
And cheerfully reſign my ſelf to Death:
To have *Longinus* glutted with my blood,
I ſhall not grudge it, for my Countries good.

[*He takes a little Crucifix from the Altar in his hand, and kneeling, falls into a Trance.*

[*Two Angels deſcend, with a Choire of Angels behind them ſinging thus.*

First Angel. *Great Champion of the Church, your prayers are heard,*
And for your head a glorious Crown's prepar'd:
Go on, fear not the rage of Tyrants words;
Nor tremble at the ſight of naked Swords.

Second

Second Angel. *Let not your virtue doubt, Heav'n will aſſiſt:*
Thoſe minutes, that you looſe will not be miſt.
When you ſhall ſee the glory where you go;
You will rejoyce, that you were Murder'd ſo.

Chorus. *For now you will, as guilty, be drawn hence;*
And ſoon be ſlain, in ſpight of Innocence;
Then a Choire of Angels, ſhall to Heav'n bring
Your ſoul; and, as you do aſcend, Shall ſing,
Shall ſing, ſhall ſing, ſhall ſing, &c.

The Angels aſcended; Pelagius *continues in his Trance.*

Enter to him Longinus *and* Anaſtaſius.

Anaſt. Oh admirable Piety! Look Sir!
How proſtrate at the Altar he implores
Heav'n, for a bleſſing on us all!
Reſt has ſo ſeas'd upon his troubl'd ſoul,
He looks as pale as death, and ſcarce does breath.

Longi. You blockhead, go, and leave me to my thoughts. [*Exit* Anaſt.
The Beaſt is freely come into my Toyles.
Thou wretched lump of Earth, thou now ſhalt die.
Pray, weep, ſigh, and tire Heav'n with calling on't;
Uſe all thy Eloquence, here's none to help:
None from my hand can now deliver thee.
[*Draws his Dagger.*
Thou Inſtrument of my revenge, ſo oft
Drench'd in blood of Innocents; thy point
Muſt ſearch this Villains heart; and ſo eaſe mine.
[*He proffers to ſtab him, but holds.*
What trembling ſeaſes my undaunted ſoul?
[*He offers again, but ſtops.*
My troubl'd heart does ſhake, I know not why,
And doubts to do this little, petty ſin;
Like Children, who at firſt, bluſh to do ill:
But I, that ſince I ſuck'd my Mothers milk,
Have fed on Humane blood; to ſtartle now,
And have a Palſie in my hand, is baſe.
My Enemy ſhall not eſcape me ſo;
He muſt not live, that would not have me Reign.
[*Goes haſtily to ſtab him, and ſtumbles, and riſes quickly.*
You Damn'd Infernal powers, ſtrengthen my Arm,
Or you will looſe a Proſelyte of me:
Aſſiſt my force, or elſe my treachery.
The time, the place, his Trance does prompt me to't:

To teſtifie my guilt, here's none looks on,
Nor any to excuſe his Innocence.
Come, *Jupiter*, and Act in my deſign; [*He takes the Image*
Thou ſhalt conteſt with all the Powers Divine, *of* Jove *from his*
To make *Pelagius* guilty of the Treaſon *boſome, puts a*
Which dead *Harmatius* letter, here inclos'd *Letter in the*
Will charge upon him. I'le now call *Zeno*. *Image.*

[*He takes away the Crucifix, and puts the Image in* Pelagius *hand.*

Enter Zeno, Sebaſtianus, *and* Anaſtaſius *with a Guard, they meet* Longinus *going out.*

Longi. *Caſar*, come this way. Look, my Lords, pray look,
How proſtrate he does worſhip mighty *Jove*!
Zeno. Can he adore a rotten Image thus?
Sebaſt. Is this the grand deſign of that grave face?
Anaſt. Heav'n! Do I dream, or ſee this impious man?
Pelagius, *Pelagius*, wake, and riſe.
[Pelagius *anſwers in his Trance.*
Pelag. Mercy, oh mercy on this ſhaken Empire!
Pitty us; let not thy juſt Thunder fall.
Zeno. What, do you ſo much fear the Thunderer?
Now we ſee, why our Empire is ſo plagu'd;
This cloſe Idolater does worſhip *Jove*.
Pelag. Reſtrain the fury of theſe cruel Brothers.
Longi. You hear what prayers he makes, and yet he lives!
Sebaſt. Why does he thus long breath infectious Air?
Zeno. The only happy, and Religious Man!
The pattern of all Piety, and Prudence;
The Idol of the Court; ſcourge of the Times!
Try, Souldiers, to wake this zealous Saint;
That we may hear ſome news from *Jupiter*.
[*The Souldiers wake him.*
Pelag. Who diſturbs this my bleſt ecſtaſie?
-- How's this? What horrid treachery is here?
What Villain has bereav'd me of my God,
And put this curſed Idol in my hand? [*Throws it down*
Oh! are You here? then my wonder's over. *and kicks it.*
Zeno. Thou Heathen, we have now diſcover'd thee,
Who, under the pretenſe of greateſt zeal,
Adores in private a falſe Deity.
Pelag. I hate alike, this wickedneſs and thee:
Nor at your Plot upon me do I tremble,
Though I am ſubject to your Tyranny:
My ſoul's ſo ſtrongly arm'd with Innocence,
That I can ſmile, when you do threaten moſt.

Zeno.

Zeno. Souldiers, take him into your cuſtody.
This Confidence will not outface your Guilt.
The greateſt Malefactors often do,
When their known Crime's diſcover'd, talk like you.
Pelag. Lay not rude hands on me, who boldly dare [*The Guard hold*
Appear, wherever you dare carry me. *him.*
All I deſire, is but a Legal Trial;
That Heav'n and Earth may judge of my Defence,
And ſee your Cheat upon my Innocence.
Though I deſpiſe to live, I would not die
Under the ſcandal of ſuch Infamie.
Zeno. You ſhall be tri'd by Law, as you deſire.
Longin. What's here? [Longinus *finds the Letter in the Image.*
Harmatius to Pelagius. [*Reads.*
Treaſon plotted againſt *Cæſar*'s Life!
Know'ſt thou *Harmatius* his hand? Speak, Traytor.
Pelag. Thou Traytor, know'ſt thou thy own Treachery?
Longi. *Sebaſtian*, put Guards upon the Villain;
And let the Souldiers be in Arms all night.
Lead him off. [*Exeunt Soldiers with* Pelagius.
Zeno. This is well.
Longi. As could be wiſh'd.
Zeno. *Longinus*, you ſhall Reign, let Envy burſt.
Longi. Unleſs he ſuddenly be put to death,
The People may ſoon riſe, and reſcue him:
He's their Favourite, and his Faction ſtrong.
Haſten his Trial with what ſpeed you can,
And let his Judges be our choiceſt Friends.
Zeno. Your Reaſon, and your Caution, I approve,

Enter to them Urbitius *from the Camp.*

Urbitius, how go our Affairs abroad?
Urbit. Your Gold has charm'd the Souldiers hands, and hearts;
They wiſh you an eternal happineſs:
They have forgot *Harmatius*, and deſire
To ſpend the Remnant of their Lives in Peace.
Some Troops of their beſt Horſe and Foot, well arm'd,
Are at the Port, and humbly do beg leave
To Exerciſe before your Majeſty,
At your Brother's Feaſt, and Coronation.
Zeno. Bring you 'um in, to ſolemnize our Feaſt:
And they ſhall be as welcom as they wiſh.
Urbitius, I have Favors for thee here.
So ſoon as this Days Solemnity is paſt,
Thou ſhalt my Love, and Bounty, amply taſte. [*All go off but*
Longi. Fortune, thou art my Saint; Thee I adore! Longinus.
Upon thy Change my Happineſs depends.

Awake my Heart, and be not ſluggiſh now:
'Tis Fortune that directs this time to ſtrike
Pelagius down, that he may riſe no more,
To queſtion my Election to the Crown.
My Brother's ſlow in this Affair of State;
I would not have his Juſtice come too late. [*Exit.*

Enter Zeno *and his Doctor.*

Zeno. How dar'ſt thou diſappoint my hopes thus long?
Doctor. The ling'ring Poyſon was by your command:
You told me it muſt have ſome Days to work,
That no ſuſpicion might ariſe on you.
I could have ſoon prepar'd a little Doſe,
That inſtantly would have diſpatch'd her Life:
But then, Phyſicians would have plainly ſeen
Ill Symptomes on the Body of the Queen.
Zeno. Well, you have ſet me right. How does it work?
Doctor. As you and I could wiſh: She languiſhes,
Her Vital Parts decay; and, undiſcern'd,
Her Soul, within few days, will ſlide away.
Zeno. Few days! I cannot ſtay ſo long. This night
It muſt be done; I have great reaſons for't.
Therefore prepare your quickeſt working Dram.
She 'ong enough has linger'd; eaſe her now,
In pitty, from her pain, which troubles me.
Go, ſee her dead, or never ſee me more.
Doctor. That were a Curſe. [*Exit Doctor.*
Zeno. I'm now for my coy Miſtris.
What words, what looks, will ſuit with her ſad heart,
And my known guilt? I muſt now viſit her,
Though her great Fathers bloody Ghoſt ſtood by,
To threaten Vengeance for my Cruelty.

He goes to her Chamber, and finds her with a Dagger in her Hand: He proffers to kiſs her Hand.

Eirene. Touch me not, Monſter: Though I am thy Slave,
Thou ſhalt not ſend me ſulli'd to my Grave.
Here is my Refuge, this is my Defenſe,
To guard my Honour from thy Inſolence.
Zeno. What Force, what Inſolence appears in me?
If Love encourag'd me to kiſs your hand,
Is that a Crime you ſo much ſtartle at?
Eirene. My Father, and my Brother, ſlain by thee;
What can I hope for, at thy bloody hand?
Zeno. Shall all the Blood, by mad *Longinus* ſhed,
Be call'd my Crime? be charg'd upon my head?

Heav'n

Heav'n can atteſt, how much againſt my will
Your noble Father, and your Brother fell.

Eirene. How's this! were not you Author of their Deaths?

Zeno. *Longinus*, jealous of my love to you,
Doubted I would your Brother reinthrone;
And, by your Fathers power, would caſt him down.
From hence this miſchief grew; and that black deed
Will ne're be cancel'd, till *Longinus* bleed.
And if *Eirene* pleaſe, I'le yet prevent
Longinus, from aſcending on the Throne,
And bring him to the Barr; where you ſhall Judge.

Eirene. No, Sir, let Heav'n his puniſhment Decree,
That can beſt judge his guilt. My miſeries
Are grown ſo great, they'l not permit my eyes
To look upon ſo foul a Sacrifice.

Zeno. How then, ſhall my unſpotted heart appear?
How be acquitted, if you be not there?

Eirene. When his guilt's ſeen, your innocence will ſhine;
And if you ſpare not him; (ſo near alli'd;)
'Twill undeceive me, and my doubts decide.
But, Sir, the Empreſs is ſo very ill,
That I was ſent for twice, ere you came in:
I begg your leave, that I may wait on her. [*Exit* Eirene.

Zeno. How glad am I ſhe's gone; her Innocence
Out-witted all my ſtudi'd Eloquence;
And gave no credit to the lie I made.
But yet *Longinus* may (when he is Crown'd)
Own this black fact, and cleer me of the guilt.
And if this ſatisfie *Eirene's* rage,
I may by other arts her heart ingage.
---- But ſtay, *Longinus* has a ſubtle head,
To ſearch into the myſteries of State;
And muſt not raſhly be ingag'd this way:
I dare not teach him how to diſobey.
My Love, and my deſigns together grow:
But which to cheriſh moſt, is hard to know.
This is a dangerous Amphibious growth:
In ſtead of gaining, I may looſe them both.
Love is the Childe of fanſie, and of hope;
Remove the cauſe, and the effect will ceaſe;
If ſhe deny but once again! She dies:
Better ſhe mine, than I her Sacrifice. [*Exit* Zeno.

The Fifth Act.

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebaſtian, Urbitius, Proclus, Phylargus, *who ſit as a Court of Juſtice: five Youths, and Souldiers ſtand off.*

Zeno. MY Lords, I have appointed you this day
For Judges, in a Cauſe of high concern;
To aſſiſt Heav'n, and juſtifie our Faith,
Which droops, and ſtaggers, through vile practices
Of wicked men; who in contempt of God,
Do worſhip *Jupiter*, here in our Court.
If we let ſuch Impiety eſcape,
We muſt expect Heav'ns Judgments on our heads.
Bring forth the guilty pris'ner, to the Bar.
—— *Sebaſtian*, you ſhall be our Subſtitute.

[Zeno *gives his place to* Sebaſtian.

[Pelagius *is brought in.*

Sebaſt. If hearts, and faces, ever did agree,
I ſhould quit *Pelagius*; but I muſt Judge by proofs.
Come on, young Men, what is't you teſtifie?

1ſt. *Youth.* I ſaw him worſhip *Jove*, this I depoſe.

2d. *Youth.* He did adore *Jupiter* in my ſight.

3d. *Youth.* I ſwear he did.

4th. *Youth.* And ſo do I ſwear too.

Pelag. Is all your proof a company of Boys?

Proclus. I ſaw him proſtrate before this Image.

Phylar. Which I atteſt.

Hortenſ. And I.

Longi. Eight witneſſes,
Saw his Idolatry, and prove the Fact.

Zeno. The Idol had a Letter in't. Read that;
Which, with his other crime, will prove the Treaſon.

[Proclus *reads the Letter aloud.*

Proclus reads. Harmatius *to* Pelagius.

To what a ſad condition the Empire is reduced, I underſtand by yours. What would you know more? Tyrants are at the Helm: I am almoſt orewhelm'd with grief: my Family is utterly diſgrac'd: and I my ſelf cannot be ſafe, but by the Death of thoſe that thus oppreſs us. When you hear the

the Trumpet ſound, you will have a Leader. You know the reſt. In the mean time, look well about you.

Farewel.

The Ides of Auguſt *: from the Camp, in the Suburbs.*

Longi. Thou hater of our God, doeſt thou hear this?
What ſayſt thou Villain? Shall the Trumpet ſound?
Or ſhall *Longinus* Reign? that dreadful Comet!
Alas, what deſolations will he make?
Oh thou infection of the Air! is this,
What your grave face did agitate ſo long?
Is this your ridged ſupercilioufneſs?
Your Heav'nly looks? O thou diſſembling wretch!
At length thy holy Cheats are come to light;
And thou, detected for theſe crimes, ſhalt die.

Pelag. I do believe it has been long deſign'd;
And 'tis no wonder, when two Tyrants Reign;
Who forge a guilt, and then condemn me for't.
I am accus'd to worſhip *Jupiter*;
This ugly Idol, which I trample on. [*He takes it, and treads on it.*
My honeſt, and religious life, declares
My Faith unto one only Deity;
Who, by his Word, did Heav'n and Earth Create.

Sebaſt. Heathens have been good men, as well as you.

Pelag. I do ſerve Him, who can judge us by our hearts:
That God will manifeſt my truth, and faith.

Sebaſt. How will he do it? by a Miracle!

Pelag. Yes, by this Image; read, what proof it makes.

[*He takes up the Idol, and gives it to* Proclus, *who reads the Inſcription aloud.*

Proclus. *This for* Longinus, *was by* Lawſus *grav'd.*

[Longinus *draws at* Proclus.

Longi. What falſhood there doſt thou pretend to read?

Proclus. I read, but what th'Ingraver has here writ.

Longi. Thou lieſt.

Proclus. Judge by the Character, I'le ſit no more. [*Exit* Proclus.

Zeno. Stay *Proclus*.

Longi. Let him go.

Pelag. *Cæſar*, the workman ought to be produc'd.

Longi. Souldier, immediately bring *Lawſus* hither.

Phylar. 'Tis ſaid, that he was poyſon'd yeſterday,
But not yet known by whom 'twas done.

Zeno. By whom, but by *Pelagius*; can it be?
This ſubtlety muſt not our Juſtice ſway:
He hop'd by this to hide his firſt great crime.
My Lords, what think you? Is *Pelagius* guilty?

All. He's guilty of Idolatry, and Treaſon.

Zeno. Then take him off; carry him to the Block.
Pelag. Virtue and Truth are over-reach'd by Fraud:
Longinus will this Treachery applaud;
That when my blood is ſpilt, he may aſcend
The Throne, and put the bloody purple on.
But, Princes, you that laugh men to their graves,
The God you ſcorn, and daily thus provoke,
Will ſoon reward you with Eternal flames.
Zeno. Stop his railing tongue, we will hear no more.
Longi. His ſoul, now ſtruck with fear, trembles at death,
And ſhakes his tongue, to talk diſtractedly.
Come, Brother, let us go: the Royal Robes
Are ready, and the Ceremony ſtays.
Pelag. Thou art miſtaken, miſerable wretch:
I deſpiſe death, and can laugh thee to ſcorn,
Who triumph'ſt in the vanity of hopes,
And dreamſt of glories thou ſhalt never reach:
For thou ſhalt never be an Emperor.
And *Zeno* ſhall unſettle, by my death,
This Empire, which he governs now in Peace.
Longi. He vomits plagues from Hell, ere he comes thither.
Zeno. Lead him off to Execution.
Longi. We looſe time. [*Exeunt.*

[*All go off but* Pelagius, *and Guards, with an Officer, the Scene opens, and a Scaffold is ſeen; they lead* Pelagius *up.*

Officer. Come, Sir, 'tis time you ſhould be on the Scaffold.
Pelag. 'Tis what I wiſh for; Oh accurſed Times!
When Piety, and Truth, are counted Crimes!
Officer. Diſpatch: we have no time for Homilies.
Pelag. Indeed ſuch time would be miſpent on you.
[*He puts up a falſe head, which is cut off.*

The Scene is ſhut, enter an Officer, a Souldier meets him with Pelagius *head cover'd.*

Officer. Whither in ſuch haſte? What haſt thou hid there?
Sould. I am conducting this head to Council.
Officer. Do heads conſult after they are cut off?
Sould. Yes, the reſt of his Cabal attend him.
Officer. But where, I pray, does this great Council meet?
Sould. *Zeno* has appointed them the high Tower
Upon the *Weſtern* wall; thence to ſurvey
The Country, which their wiſdoms thought to ſway. [*Exit Sould.*
Officer. Theſe are horrid Jeſts! wickedneſs ſo great!
I tremble at, what they do make their mirth.
Each day does ſome new cruelty produce,
Barbarity makes cuſtom, and excuſe. [*Exit Officer.*

[*Here*

[*Here paſſes o're the Stage, by two and two, ſeveral Mourners, Men and Women ſadly weeping; to take up ſome time, before the next Scene, which elſe would follow too ſoon after the laſt.* Pelagius *body is carryed, and his ſon* Eraſtus *chief Mourner.*

The Funeral gone, Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebaſtian, Anaſtaſius, *and* Urbitius.

The Scene changes, and there appears on poles, upon the Town wall, the Heads of Harmatius, Baſiliſcus, Pelagius, Gazeus, *and the Eight Captains.*

Sebaſt. Are not thoſe heads well plac'd upon the walls?
Look, what a pompous, diſmal ſhew they make:
Had but *Harmatius* head a Crown upon't,
It would, now in that poſture, aw the World.
Zeno. This gaſtly ſpectacle delights me much.
Longi. Your eyes are not more highly pleas'd, than mine.
Zeno. This is a joyful Coronation day.
Longi. Now theſe are dumb, who dares deny the Crown,
Which *Cæſar* on his Brother has beſtow'd?
Zeno. Let them frown now, and threaten us from thence.
Longi. Do, thunder out your Judgments, and inſult;
Defie your Princes, bid them be diſcreet,
When your great Wiſdoms next in Council meet.
Luſt, and Ambition reliſh well, but ſtill
Give me Revenge on all that croſs my will.

[Zeno *walks proudly on the Stage, looking on the Heads.*

Longi. So walks the Royal Lion, when in's rage
He has chaſtiz'd his Rebellious Vaſſals.
Ha! Thoſe heads are not fix'd upon the walls:
Pelagius nodded at me.
Sebaſt. 'Twas your fancy:
Your Joy does work too much on your ſucceſs.
Longi. Thou tel'ſt me true: My Joyes do ſwell too much.
My eyes could dwell upon *Pelagius* head.
For though his blood have ſatisfi'd my Rage;
It cannot yet my Anger diſingage.
So does the valiant Cock triumph, and crow
O're the dead carcaſs of his conquer'd Foe.
Anaſt. aſide. So baſeſt Cowards bragg, and boldly boaſt;
When Enemies are ſlain, at others coſt.

Zeno. 'Twas of great uſe, that I conſulted Hell;
Which caus'd me make ſo many Funerals.
Had not my Sword been glutted with their blood,
Where thoſe Heads ſtand, mine might have ſtood.
Come in, my Lords, this ſhall be Holiday,
My Brothers happy Coronation feaſt;
On which, we'l Revel out the Day, and Night.
Noble *Sebaſtian*, you ſhall be my Gueſt:
And, *Anaſtaſius*, you ſhall fill me Wine,
And be my Ganymede, while this Feaſt laſts.

Anaſt. A very high preferment, as it proves.

Zeno. And, *Urbitius*, to morrow you ſhall be
The Captain of our Guard. This night we'l Revel.
Let not a ſerious thought divert our hearts
From thoſe high jollities! we have prepar'd.
With Songs, with Maſques, with Banquets, and with Wine
This Night in Glory ſhall the Sun out-ſhine. [*Exeunt.*

[*All go off but* Anaſtaſius, *and* Urbitius.

Anaſt. Do you prepare the Souldiers for their ſhew.
Mean while, with richeſt Wine, I'le fill his Bowl:
Which ſhall be done ſo often, and ſo full,
His ſoul may ſwim to Paradiſe in Wine.
Be ſure you get the Troops in readineſs.

Urbit. Where muſt we attend?

Anaſt. Under the Palace wall. [*Exit* Anaſtaſius.

Urbit. So may the Deſtiny of Tyrants run,
No dangers ere foreſee, nor power to ſhun
The Judgement for their crimes, by Heav'n ſent;
Though by the worſt, and meaneſt Inſtrument.

[*The Scene Changes.*

[*Here the Souldiers appear.*

I ſee the Souldiers are already come.

Sould. Stand, give the word.

Urbit. Puniſhment.

Sould. On the Wicked.

Urbit. Welcome brave Souldiers, all is ready now;
This Feaſting time, our Poſt is order'd here:
Here we muſt fix, till *Anaſtaſius* come.
Then call to mind, how great *Harmatius* fell,
And then, ſend all his Murderers to Hell.
Hark! the Trumpets ſound unto the Banquet.
Make ready, and ſtand cloſe, till I return.

[*The Scene Changes.*

[*He places the Souldiers, then Exit.*

Enter

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebaſtianus, *as at a Banquet, drinking.*

Zeno. Brother, I drink a Kingdom to you here;
Longi. Long life, and health attend the Emperor.
Here's my Brothers health to you, *Sebaſtian.*
Sebaſt. Health, and higheſt happineſs to *Ceſar.*

[*Here* Bacchus *is Drawn in a Chariot by* Alexander *and* Antony.

Sebaſt. See, *Bacchus* triumphs over Conquerors,
And looks as big as if he did diſdain
Thoſe Emperors, who now adorn his Train.
Zeno. Give me a full bowl: This *Falernian* Wine,
Than drunken *Bacchus* ſelf, is more Divine.
Longi. Let's drink, till we become his Captives too,
And draw with *Antony*, and *Alexander.*
Zeno. Fill, *Anaſtaſius*, let the cups go round:
Thou haſt a ſober face, ſo grave and wiſe,
As if thou did'ſt our jollities deſpiſe,
And mighty *Bacchus* powerful charms contemn.
Anaſt. What Mortal will contend? or who dares try
Great *Bacchus* force, after this Victory?

BACCHUS *his* SONG.

The Gods this noble Liquor made,
Mens melancholy hearts to aid;
To make you frolick, and ſet free
From cares and fears Captivity.
We, who with Liquid weapons fight,
T' imbrace, and hug, is our delight.

When I the ſtrongeſt do ſubdue,
Freſh cups our friendſhip doe renew.
Ere we depart, the Victor ſtill
Submits unto the Captives will;
And a new Battle by conſent
Appointed is, in complement.

Chorus.

This Liquor of life invites us to ſing,
This cheers the heart of the Begger, and King.
Then toſs off your Bowls, and merrily tell,
How Bacchus *his ſlaves do Monarchs excel.*

Enter the Patriarck.

Patri. Princes, what mean theſe tumults in the ſtreets?
Is this a time for Mirth, and Revelling?
Zeno. Why ſuffer you this fool to trouble us?
Remove his peeviſh age, from our contempt.
Longi. Go, Souldiers, take that doting Coxcomb hence.
Your time will not be long after this Feaſt.
Zeno. Stay, give the prating Prieſt a Bowl of Wine;
And make him one of our Society:
This health, is to your rev'rend baldneſs: [*Drinks.*
Sit down, old fellow, drink it off at once.
Here's none will tell of thy good fellowſhip.
Patri. *Cæſar* will ſoon repent this mockery. [*Exit.*

[*Here ſeven Blackamore Boys, in* Turkiſh *or* Moriſco *habits, dance.*

Zeno. *Pluto*'s black Boys have prettily perform'd--
Longi. Theſe Devils dance like Angels to my eye.

Enter young Baſiliſcus *his Ghoſt.*

Ghoſt. Heav'n! and Earth!
Can thoſe that Murder'd us, Revel, and Feaſt?
Zeno. What ſhrill voice is that, which ſtrikes through my ears?
Ghoſt. 'Tis *Baſiliſcus*, come to viſit thee.
Zeno. Thou'rt come to fetch a mouthful of freſh Air;
Draw near, you're very welcome, pretty youth.
Set him a Chair, and fill him a full Bowl,
To cheer his heart, and colour his pale cheeks:
Such handſome Ghoſts may prove good Company.
Sebaſt. To whom does *Cæſar* ſpeak? this Wine's too ſtrong.
Baſiliſ. *Cæſar*, thy time is ſhort: Prepare to die. [*Speak angry.*
Zeno. Why angry? thou haſt no cauſe to threaten.
I ſent thee from the troubles of this world;
To rowl on Roſes, in the Elyſian fields:
Where Innocence is treated with delights.
We, who in blood, for Monarchies on Earth,
So fiercely do (by wongs) for right conteſt,
May well expect to ſmart, when we expire.
Thy Fathers crimes, and mine, may ſo contend
For the Supreme Command; when I deſcend:
But thou, ſweet Boy, haſt no juſt cauſe to frown,
Freed from the Evils that attend this Crown.

Baſiliſ.

Baſiliſ. Do not my looks yet terrifie thy ſoul?
Zeno. Such terrors are remov'd by a full bowl. [*Drinks.*
So, now ſay on, I am prepar'd to hear
The worſt thou canſt denounce, and ſcorn to fear.
Give me another Bowl: Thus doubly arm'd, [*Takes a bowl in*
What news from Hell? how fares *Harmatius?* *his hand.*
Does he command? and govern as he liſts?
Shall we be Princes? or his Vaſſals there?
Speak, Boy, and pledge this health; here's to thy Father
And his thin Subjects. He deſerves to be
Prince of Shadows, that let us out-wit him. [*Drinks.*

[*As he Drinks*, Harmatius *Ghoſt appears before him.*

Ghoſt. Do, do, drink deep, for thou ſhalt drink no more;
Look here, here! thou Tyrant, look, and tremble.

[Zeno *ſhakes and trembles, riſes, and lets fall his Bowl.*

Zeno. Horror!
Longi. What means this Aguiſh extaſie?
Zeno. Do you not ſee him? how he ſtares, and frowns!
Longi. Sir, I ſee nothing: Can your ſhadow fright you?
Zeno. *Longinus*, 'tis a gaſtly ſhadow! that!
The voice, that bold *Harmatius* thunder'd with! [*The Ghoſts*
Sebaſt. His head's diſturb'd with Wine, and now creates *vaniſh.*
Ideas of thoſe ſhapes his heart abhors.
Longi. Come let us drink, and let the Maskque go on.

[Zeno *ſits again drowſie, while the Satyres dance, the Imperial Crown and Robes are brought in for* Longinus *Coronation, and placed on a Table.*

Anaſt. *Cæſar* now minds me not, and my deſign
Calls me away to fetch the Army in:
And try if Heav'n approve of my intent,
In Crowning this great work by th'event. [*Exit* Anaſtaſius.

[*The Satyres dance again: that done, a Souldier comes in haſte.*

Sould. *Harmatius* Souldiers have broke down the Gates,
Your Guards are beaten, and the Palace wone;
Fly, Princes, fly, All is in confuſion.

Longi. Oh deſperate! Brother, fly.
Zeno. No, Brother, no; 'tis fitter now to Die.

[*They draw and go out.*

[*A Charge ſounded.*

Enter Anaſtaſius, Caſtor, Urbitius, Proclus, *with Souldiers their Swords drawn.*

Anaſt. This was a quick, and eaſie Victory.
Let each man take a ſev'ral way to find
The Tyrants: elſe, our work is but half done.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Zeno *enters beating off the Guards, and follows them.*

Enter Longinus, *his Sword drawn and he bloody.*

Longi. The Gates are ſo ſecur'd, I cannot paſs.
Bold *Sebaſtian* is ſlain in the attempt.
Pelagius, now I find thou wert a Prophet.
I am perſu'd and have no way to ſcape.
What is become of *Zeno?* I know not.

Anaſtaſius *comes in.*

Anaſt. Turn this way Monſter, 'tis the Sereech Owl calls;
The Blockhead, you contemn, brings now thy Fate.
Longi. Th'art a brave Enemy, ſingly thus
To hazard, what thou haſt ſo ſurely gain'd.

[*They fight,* Longinus *is ſlain, falls, is carried off.*

Enter Officers, and Souldiers, with Urbitius *wounded, and* Zeno *Priſoner.*

Urbit. The Heav'ns do fight for *Anaſtaſius*:
Let *Anaſtaſius* be our Emperor.
All. Let *Anaſtaſius* be our Emperor.
Anaſt. *Caſtor*, to you, for great *Harmatius* ſake,
I do commit that blood-ſhedder; take him,
And when he ſleeps convey him to the Vault,
Where all the men he murd'red, are interr'd;
And while he ſleeps, there chain him to the ground,
That when he wakes, the terror of his Deeds,
May ſome remorſe beget, and make him pray.

[*They carry* Zeno *out.*

Urbit.

Urbit. Great Prince! when I am dead, remember me;
And know, there be two kinds of Tyranny:
To do injuſtice, when 'tis underſtood,
Is the next Tyranny to ſhedding blood.
I am now paid, for my preſumptuous guils;
And find, that Criminals unjuſtly brought
To Judgment; though by the ſame arts they riſe,
Is not by Heav'n approv'd: and therefore I,
For doing good by evil wayes, muſt die.
And thus too late I find, None may contend
With Princes, but the God whom they offend. [*Dies.*

Anaſt. He had good principles, but ill imploy'd:
Though I have partly proſper'd by his Arts,
I do not in my heart approve ſuch frauds.

[*They put the Robes and Crown, brought for* Longinus, *on* Anaſtaſius.

Caſtor. This Crown, and Robes, will fit our Emperor.
All. Let *Anaſtaſius* Rule the Univerſe.
Anaſt. My thanks to *Caſtor*, and to all the reſt.
Since Heav'n has our Proceedings thus far bleſt;
'Tis fit we ſee that wicked man interr'd
Alive, as his own Aſtrologer foretold:
That Ceremony done, the next will be,
To ſet the Empreſs, and *Eirene* free.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The Empreſs Chamber is ſeen, in it the Empreſs, and* Eirene.

Empreſs. 'Tis ſtrange, we hear no more of this Alarm.
Eirene. This tumult in the Campe makes *Zeno* fret,
And ſtout *Longinus* tread unſteedy ſteps.
Empreſs. We are now driven to great Exigents:
Yet 'tis much better to die Innocent,
Than live by wicked, and foul practices.
I doubt by condeſcending to thoſe Lords,
I have done ill, when I did them ſupply;
Who gave their words, that *Zeno* ſhould not die.
Eirene. Madam, could you do better, than to lend
Your treaſure, which thoſe Lords diſtributed
To th' Army, to preſerve us and the Empire?
But if that *Zeno* in his cruelty,
Shall ſtill perſiſt, what would you have them do?

Empreſs. I would not ſave my own life by his death.
I am much readier to die, than he.
Eirene. Nor can my heart conſent to ſhedding blood,
Though my own life in competition ſtood;
But when I know that *Zeno* has deſign'd
By force to take, what elſe he cannot gain;
I muſt prevent, leſt he my honor ſtain:
And hope your Majeſty will give me leave,
That I this great Impoſtor may deceive.
What hope for me, what ſurety can remain,
After my Father, and my Brother ſlain?
Empreſs. I muſt confeſs, when I conſider well,
How great *Harmatius*, and your Brother fell;
The various, ſtories which each party makes
Of that ſad night, look like a diſmal guilt
On both ſides (yet their blood was juſtly ſpilt.)
If *Zeno* were aſſur'd of their intent;
He, by their ruins, did his own prevent.
Eirene. In the firſt Failer was the crime;
To ſhare the Empire was my Brothers right:
And *Zeno*, when he did depoſe the youth,
Firſt taught the Treaſon, and diſcourag'd truth.
So that, if we will raiſe our own Concerns
Upon the fate of thoſe who ſtand, or fall;
We muſt take time, to ſee the end of all.
And then, as Heaven can better judge than we;
[redacted]
Empreſs. *Eire*[redacted] and art bleſt
With virtue, and with judgment above the reſt
Of our weak Sex; and art, no doubt, the Care
Of Heav'n, which will ſecure thee from diſgrace,
And, for thy ſake, preſerve this wicked place.
Eirene. Madam, if I have ought, wherein to boaſt,
It came from you; and if I be not loſt
In this confuſion; unto your virtues,
I owe my preſervation, and ſucceſs:
For thoſe, whom you take care of, Heav'n will bleſs.

Enter to them Anaſtaſius *Crown'd, and his Train.*

Anaſt. Madam, by *Zeno*'s, and *Longinus* deaths,
This Crown, plac'd by the Army on my head, [*Takes his Crown, and offers it to her.*
Is yours, and I; as much your Vaſſal now,
As heretofore; with theſe, who ready ſtand
To obey, what our Empreſs will command.
Empr. weeps. No, *Anaſtaſius*, all my thoughts of State
Are vaniſh'd, all involv'd in *Zeno*'s fate;
But if your words do with your hearts agree,

I ſhall

I ſhall believe this Crown belongs to me. [*She takes the Crown.*
And as my gift, this and *Eirene* take;
Who did refuſe, this glory, for my ſake:
When *Zeno* us'd his power, and art to ſtain
Her honor, which his Empire could not gain.

Anaſt. Madam, this mighty gift would weigh me down;
Unleſs *Eirene* did ſupport the Crown. [*He receives the Crown and* Eirene.

Eirene. My joys for *Anaſtaſius* are too great.

Empreſs. May you be bleſt, and happy in your love;
While I to a retired life remove.
I have too much of this World's glory ſeen;
And too long been a chief Actor in it.

Anaſt. Madam, this Crown, and the Imperial Throne,
Is by your gift mine, and is ſtill your own.

[*All go off.*

The Scene is chang'd into a diſmal Vault, ſet round with Coffins, in each a dead corps; in the remote part, a ſmall Lamp burning: in the front, next the Stage, is Zeno *ſleeping his leggs chain'd to the ground: at one corner on the outſide a Guard ſtands.* Zeno *wakes.*

Zeno. Is't not yet day? This night ſeems very long:
That little Lamp does give ſo faint a Light,
I cannot well diſtinguiſh what I ſee.
Longinus, *Proclus*, do none give attendance?
Is *Cæſar*, by his Servants, no more fear'd?
Ha! where am I? in Fetters, and alone;
Either I Dream, or I do dimly ſee
A diſmal Vault, ſurrounded with dead Corps.
Euphemian, thy Prediction is too true.
Would I had ſtab'd my ſelf, when I ſlew thee.
This is the Tomb, he fatally foretold,
I ſhould alive be buried in. Horror
Dazels my eyes, or elſe, among the dead,
I ſee *Longinus* in that next Coffin:
He's buried too, but not alive, like me.
How I came hither, is beyond my gueſs.
What, ho! who guards this priſon of the Dead?

1 *Sould.* They need no guards, we only wait on you.

Zeno. Then give me drink, to quench my raging thirſt.

2 *Sould.* So we may keep you company in chains.

Zeno. By whoſe command do you ſtarve me to death?

1 *Sould.* By th'Emperors command, He ſent you hither.

Zeno. What, have you any Emperor but *Zeno?*

2 *Sould.* Yes, *Anaſtaſius* Reigns, you are in your grave.

Zeno. Can theſe Changes be ſince yeſterday?

And by him, I leaſt fear'd, of all mankind.
—When died my Empreſs?

1 *Sould.* Sir, ſhe is very well.

Zeno. The Doctor ſaid, ſhe would die yeſterday.

2 *Sould.* No, *Cæſar*, no; you were out-witted there:
To her the Doctor was more merciful.

Zeno. And in theſe changes, what's *Eirene*'s fate?

1 *Sould.* She Reigns with *Anaſtaſius*.

Zeno. Curſe on Curſe
Light on them both; Does he injoy *Eirene?*
To be deſpis'd, and laugh'd at in my Grave
Is worſe than Death: and to be thus Dethron'd,
Tortures me more, than Hell it ſelf can do.
---- Were not you, Souldiers, of my Guard?

2 *Sould.* We were.

Zeno. I'le make you Princes, if you'l let me out?

1 *Sould.* We dare not truſt your Promiſe, nor your Power:
We remember how you ſerv'd *Harmatius*,
And his young Son, who ſet you on the Throne.

Zeno. You reproach me juſtly, I was miſled:
Longinus has deſtroy'd himſelf and me.
Good Souldiers, be ſo kind to Murder me.

2 *Sould.* We ſhall then forfeit our Allegeance;

Zeno. How durſt you break the Oath you made to me?

1 *Sould.* So long as you were Emperor, we were Loyal.

Zeno. If Heav'n and Hell would let me Reign again,
I would not govern, as I did before
With Childiſh mercy, to ſpare any Man.
Princes, whoſe Pleaſure is their Law,
Muſt let none live, who dares diſpute their Will.
Had *Anaſtaſius*, and *Urbitius* died,
Caſtor, and *Proclus*, had not now Rebell'd:
Had the old *Patriarck*, and *Eirene* bled,
I had Reign'd long, and not been thus deſtroy'd
By thoſe, whom I, through love, and pitty ſpar'd.

2 *Sould.* You ſhould conſider, where you are going.

Zeno. Canſt thou direct me, whither I muſt go?

1 *Sould.* Sir, I can wiſh, that you would try to pray.

Zeno. For what?

2 *Sould.* Your ſoul,

Zeno. My ſoul! prithee what is that?

2 *Sould.* 'Tis not our Trade to Preach.

Zeno. Nor mine to Pray.
Heav'ns gate is ſhut 'gainſt all that I can ſay.
----You will not kill me then? nor let me out?

1 *Sould.* No, we dare not.

Zeno. To fall from all the Glories of the Earth
Is ſad; but to be buried quick, to ſtarve,

And in this horrid Vault to linger on;
Here to indure the terrors, which my Crimes
Do now preſent to my affrighted Soul,
Is Hell it ſelf, or worſe than Hell can be.
Oh! that the world might ſink with its own weight!
Death, where art thou? I will ſtay no longer,
But boldly charge thee, and out-face thee thus.

[Zeno *thruſts his Mantle into his mouth, and choaks himſelf.*

Enter the firſt Ghoſt, dreſt as at firſt.

Ghoſt. So, ſo; now my Prediction is fulfil'd,
And all thoſe Monarch killers, are now kild.
I ſhall deſcend in Peace, and there remain;
Unleſs you wiſh to ſee me here again, [*Turns to the Pit.*
To ſhew the World, how Vengeance does perſue
Thoſe, who their hands in Princes blood imbrew.

FINIS.

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